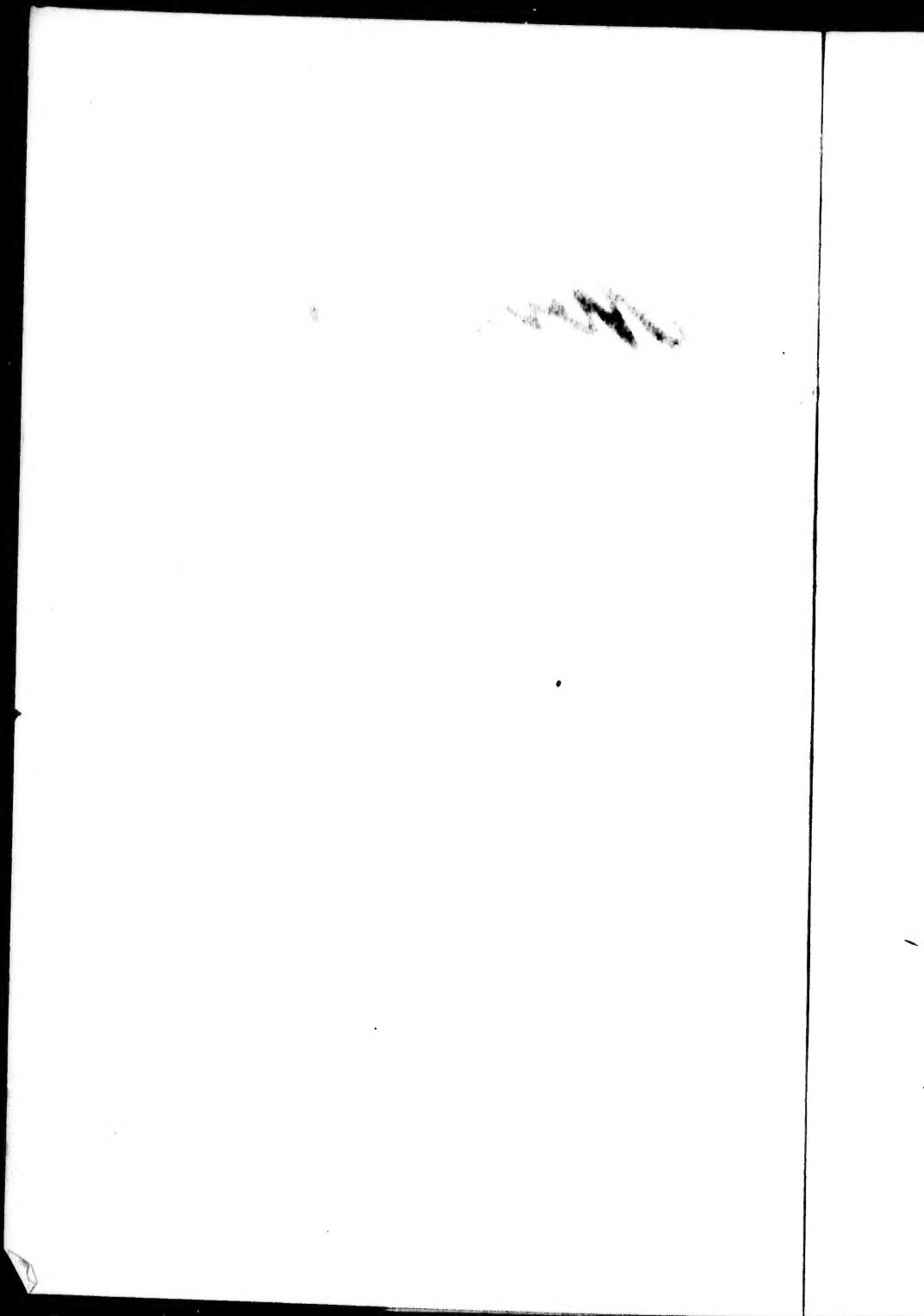




THE EMIGRANT,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN,
Author of "Lyrics," &c.

"Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

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TO
THE REVEREND PROFESSOR GEORGE,
VICE-PRINCIPAL
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON,
AS A SINCERE TOKEN
OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS TALENT AS A WRITER,
AND
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER AS A MAN,

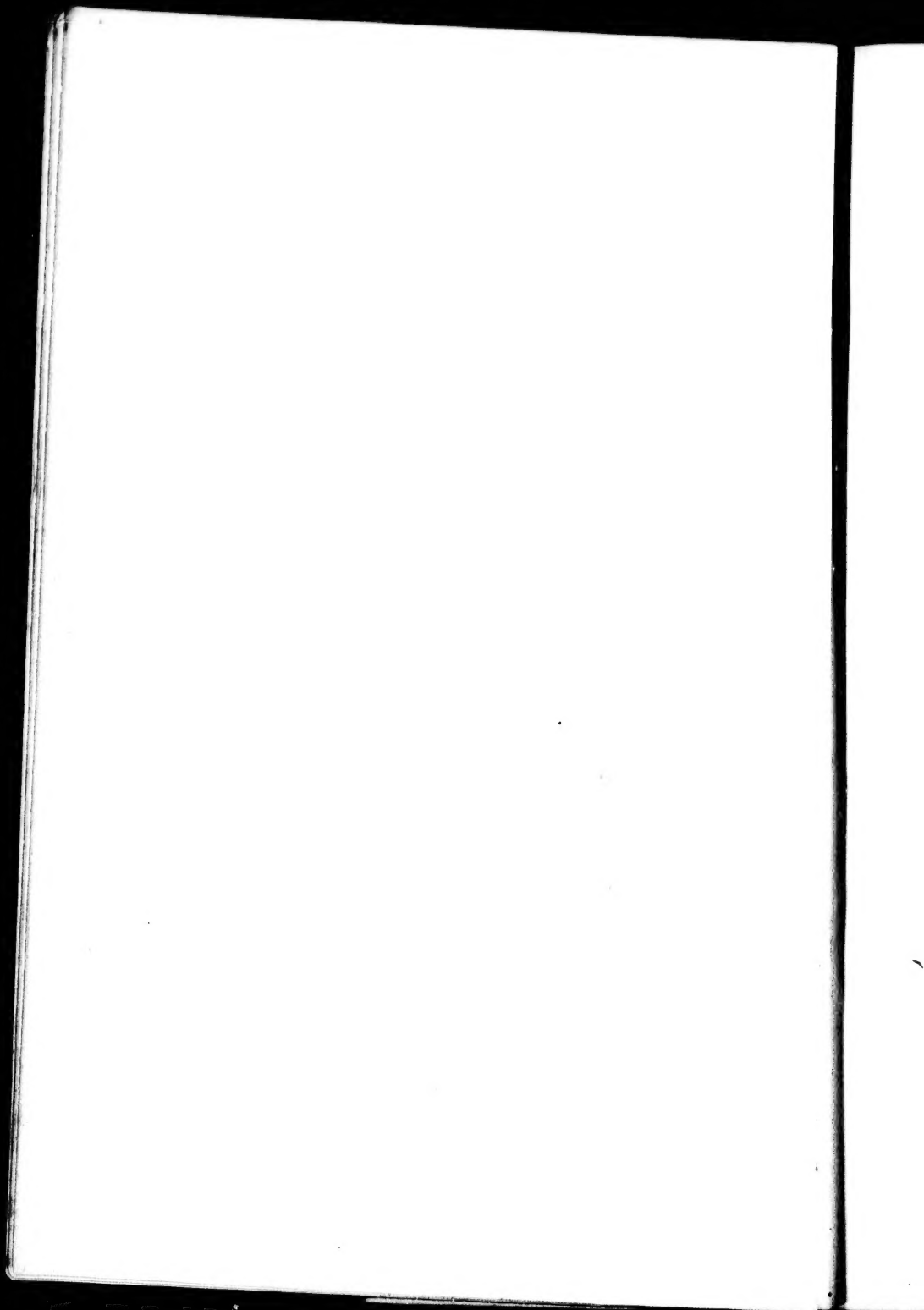
This Volume
IS INSCRIBED BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND,
ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this volume to the public, I have only to state, that the *Emigrant*, the principal poem in the book, is an attempt to sketch the history of a backwoods settlement. The first part is descriptive only of the manners and customs of the old pioneers of the forest. The concluding parts (which will shortly be published) will bring the history of the settlement down to the present day.

ERIN VILLAGE,
May 4th, 1861.



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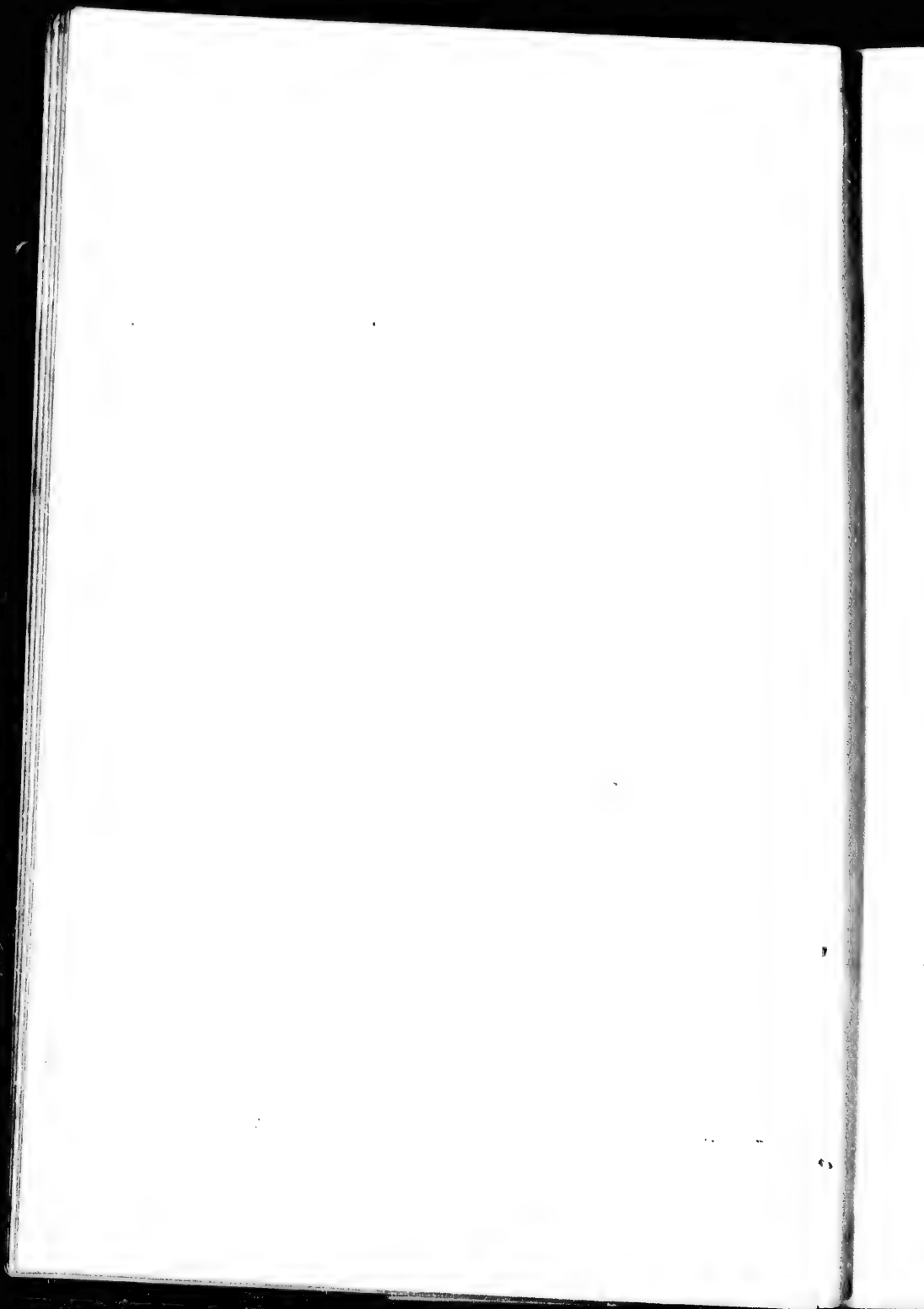
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THE EMIGRANT.



PART FIRST.

B



THE EMIGRANT.

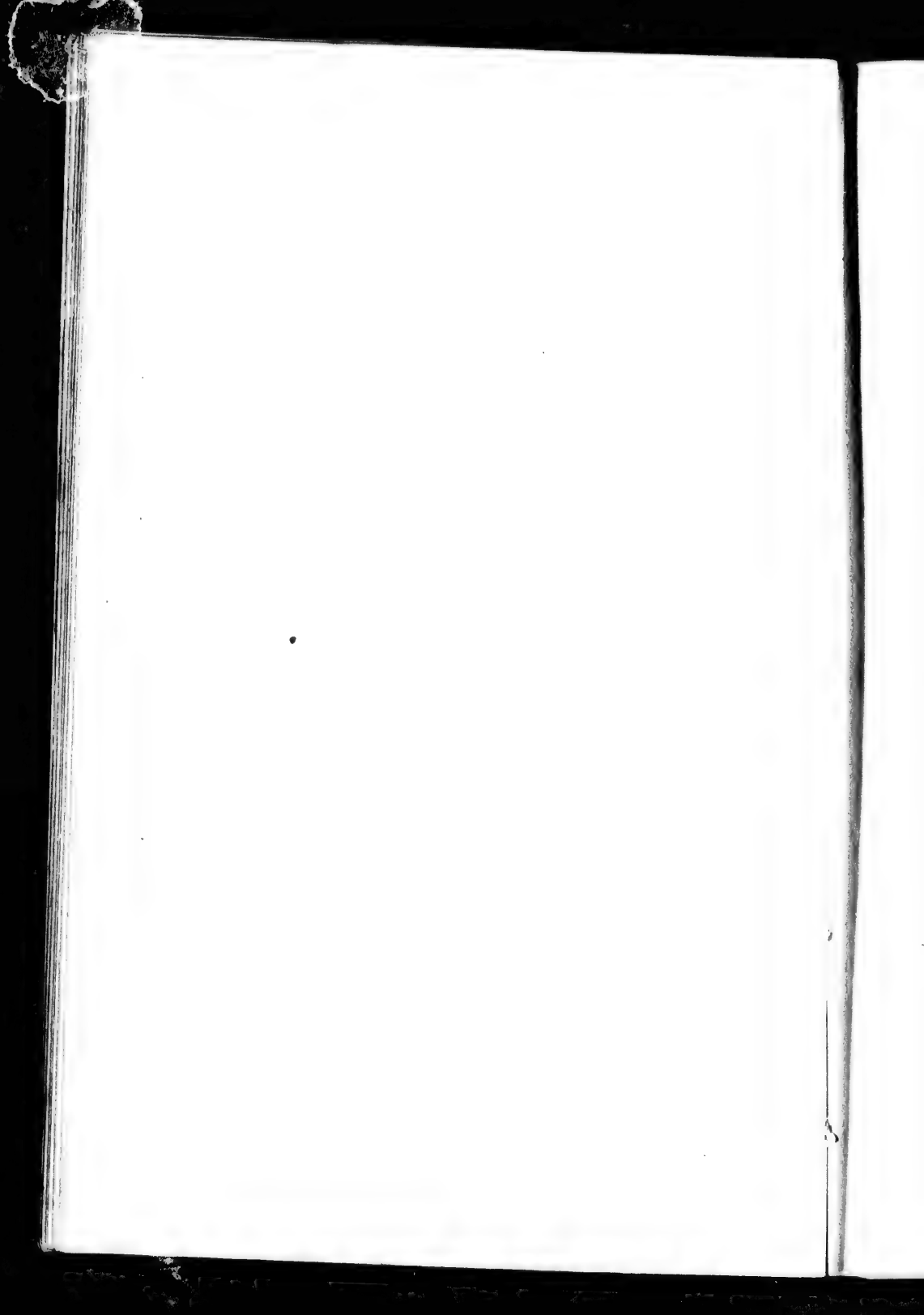
INTRODUCTION.

Land of mighty lake and forest !
Where the winter's locks are hoarest ;
Where the summer's leaf is greenest ;
And the winter's bite the keenest ;
Where the autumn's leaf is searest ;
And her parting smile the dearest ;
Where the tempest rushes forth,
From his caverns of the north ;
With the lightnings of his wrath,
Sweeping forests from his path ;
Where the cataract stupendous,
Lifteth up her voice tremendous ;
Where uncultivated nature,
Rears her pines of giant stature ;

Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er,
Thick as bristles on the boar ;
Plants the stately elm and oak,
Firmly in the iron rock ;
Where the crane her course is steering ;
And the eagle is careering ;
Where the gentle deer are bounding,
And the woodman's axe resounding ;
Land of mighty lake and river,
To our hearts thou'rt dear forever !

Thou art not a land of story ;
Thou art not a land of glory ;
No tradition, tale, nor song,
To thine ancient woods belong ;
No long line of bards and sages,
Looking to us down the ages ;
No old heroes sweeping by,
In their warlike panoply ;
Yet heroic deeds are done,
Where no battle's lost or won ;
In the cottage in the woods,
In the lonely solitudes ;
Pledges of affection given,
That will be redeemed in heaven.

Why seek in a foreign land,
For the theme that's close at hand ;
Human nature can be seen,
Here within the forest green ;
Let us wander where we will,
There's a world of good and ill.
Poetry is every where,
In the common earth and air,
In the pen, and in the stall,
In the hyssop on the wall,
In the wandering Arab's tent,
In the backwoods settlement ;
Have we but the hearing ear,
It is always whispering near,
Have we but the heart to feel it,
All the world will reveal it.



CHAPTER I.

LEAVING HOME.

I.

Let us sit upon this stone,
With its gray moss overgrown ;
And we'll talk about the past,
For I'm left the very last,
Of that simple hardy race,
Who first settled in this place ;
At whose stroke the forest fell,
And the sound of Sabbath bell
Startled desolation's brood,
In the trackless solitude.

II.

Half a century has rolled,
With its burdens manifold ;
Since I left my home so dear,
And came a young adventurer here ;
Many faces fortune wears,
In the space of fifty years,
Strange mutations, smiles and frowns,
Unexpected ups and downs.
Oh what crowds have crossed the path
To the rendezvous of death,
Men so mighty in their day,
Gone to nothingness away,
What great teachers and their schools,
Prophets time has proven fools.
Transcendental meteors high,
That have faded from the sky ;
Tho' the fashion of a day,
Gone like shadows all away.

III.

Fifty years have passed away,
Fifty years this very day,
Since I left at fortune's call,
Friends and fatherland and all ;

I was then a happy boy,
Earth a scene of hope and joy ;
I have now grown old and gray,
Yet it seems but yesterday ;
Every circumstance comes back,
O'er that long and weary track ;
Friends the loving and true hearted,
Who have long with death departed ;
Crowd around me in the dell,
Where I bade them all farewell.

IV.

It was a lovely morn in spring,
The lark was high upon the wing,
The bonnie bells in clusters blue,
The gowan *wi'* its *drap* o'dew,
The cowslip and the primrose pale,
Were forth in Cartha's lovely vale ;
Ah there they were so chaste and meek,
Not silent tho' they did not speak ;
It seemed to me as if they knew,
I came to bid them all adieu ;
For we'd been companions dear,
And could not part without a tear,

And Cartha had a mournful voice,
She did not as of old rejoice ;
And vale and mountain, flower and tree,
Were looking sadly upon me ;
For oh ! there is a nameless tie,
A strange mysterious sympathy,
Between us and material things,
Which into close communion brings
Our spirits with the unseen power,
Which looks from every tree and flower.
There was the bonnie bush of broom,
Just opening into golden bloom,
Beneath whose tassels many a day,
I listened to the blackbird's lay ;
Yonder the mountains looming through,
Benlomond towering in the blue,
How kingly ! tho' his forehead wears,
The furrows of six thousand years.
Oh ! how I loved those mountains gray,
Which pass not like man's works away ;
But are forever seated there,
Old monarchs on their thrones of air ;
And were they not the first to draw
From out my soul the sigh of awe,
Till down the mighty shadows came,

And lifted me aloft to them ;
And seated with the monarchs there,
Above this little world of care,
My spirit burst the bounds of time,
And revelled in the realms sublime ;
And now it seemed they closer drew,
As if to bid me all adieu.

V.

There are things in memory set,
Things we never can forget,
Still I see the very spot,
Close beside our lowly cot,
Where my grandsire old and gray,
Blessed be his memory,
While upon his staff he bent,
Thus he blest me ere I went.

VI.

“ Your journey’s but beginning now,
While mine is nearly ending,
Thou’rt starting up the hill of life,
I to the grave descending ;

With thee 'tis bright and buoyant spring,
With me 'tis dark December,
And my injunctions, O my son,
I'd have thee to remember.

" I've seen in three score years and ten,
So many strange mutations,
So many sides of fortune's face,
To families and nations ;
I've learned to know she can't be caught,
By whip, by spur, or bridle,
She is not caught by running fast,
Nor yet by standing idle.

" While she within thy hopeful heart,
Her wondrous tale rehearses,
In noting all be sure and leave,
A margin for reverses ;
Should'st thou be rich, trust not in wealth,
From thee it may be taken,
But if you put your trust in God,
You'll never be forsaken.

" Men toil to reach the earthly heights,
From which by death they're hurl'd,

Be thine ambition what you'd not
Exchange for all the world ;
Should'st thou be poor sit not and sigh,
Nor deem yourself neglected,
The kindest *lift* that ere I got,
Was when I least expected.

“ Grieve not at the decrees of fate,
Though they may be distressing,
A blessing's mixed with every woe,
A woe with every blessing ;
The hollow's close beside the height,
Whenever much is given,
Something or other is withheld,
To bring the balance even.

“ Look fate and fortune in the face,
In that there's worth and merit,
The greatest poverty on earth,
Is poverty of spirit ;
Have aye some object in your view,
And steadily pursue it,
Nor grow faint-hearted come what may,
But like a man stick to it.

“ Hope not to find a good on earth,
But what you'll have to pay for,
The fruit that drops into the mouth,
Is aye devoid of flavour ;
If thou wilt lean on any man,
All nature will upbraid thee,
Then trust but to thine own right arm,
And to the God who made thee.

“ Strive manfully in every strait,
And after you have striven,
With clean hands and an upright heart,
Leave the result to heaven.
Profess to be but what thou art,
Avoid all affectation,
If thou art truth's thou sitt'st upon
A rock of deep foundation.

“ Be guided by your sense of right,
Where scripture may not aid you,
For that's the ray from heaven direct,
The light from Him who made you.
Philosophers are all afloat
Upon a sea of troubles,
They dash like waves against the rock,
To give but birth to bubbles.

"They cannot tell us whence we came,
Or why we were sent hither,
But leave us hopeless in the end,
To go we know not whither.
Trust not in knowledge, small indeed
Is all that we can gather,
But always ask the guidance of
The universal Father.

"There's much which we must teach ourselves,
Which is not taught at college,
Without a sympathetic soul,
How vain is all our knowledge.
Be charitable when you speak
Of man and human nature ;
Who finds no worth in human hearts,
Must be a worthless creature.

"If you would have your brother's love,
Then you must love your brother ;
Heart leaps to heart the world o'er,
Affections draw each other.
Then cherish still within your breast,
Affection's sacred blossom,
Strive to be rich enough to keep
A heart within your bosom.

“Farewell, my son, we meet no more,
The angel death, which gathers
The green and ripe must shortly come,
And take me to my fathers.
Farewell, may heaven be the height
To which you would aspire,
And think at times, when far away,
Upon your old grandsire.”

CHAPTER II.

THE JOURNEY.

I.

In the good ship "Edward Thorn,"
We were o'er the billows borne,
A motley company were we,
Sailing o'er that weary sea.
Many from their homes had fled,
For they had denied them bread ;
Some from sorrow and distress,
Others from mere restlessness,
Some because their hopes were high,
Others for—they knew not why,
Some because they longed to see
The promised land of liberty.

II.

There was doubting John the teacher,
Spouting Tom, nicknamed the preacher,

General John, the mechanican,
Lean lank Tom, the politician,
Lazy Bill, the bad news bringer,
Little Mac, the jocund singer.
There was Aleck the divine,
Bristly as the porcupine.
There was fighting Bill from Kent,
Always upon mischief bent,
Wives and children three or four,
With youths and maidens half a score,
And lastly tall orator John,
Always thoughtful and alone.
A motley crew as ever went
To form a backwoods settlement.

III.

When the winds were all asleep
On the bosom of the deep,
Not a breath the sails to fill,
And the vessel lay as still
On the bosom of the deep,
"As a sea god fast asleep,"
Some would hang around the deck
Telling tales of storm and wreck,

Others through the smile and tear,
Talked of the land they loved so dear,
Or told the tale of deep distress,
Of hungry, hopeless, wretchedness,
Which made them ocean's dangers brave,
To seek a home beyond the wave.
Then to singing Tom would start,
As he said to ease his heart,
In a rude and boisterous vein,
He would thunder out this strain.

IV.

Old England is eaten by knaves,
Yet her heart is all right at the core,
May she ne'er be the mother of slaves,
Nor a foreign foe land on her shore.

I love my own country and race,
Nor lightly I fled from them both,
Yet who would remain in a place
Where there's too many spoons for the broth.

The squire's preserving his game.
He says that God gave it to him,

And he'll banish the poor without shame,
For touching a feather or limb.

The Justice he feels very big,
And boasts what the law can secure,
But has two different laws in his wig,
Which he keeps for the rich and the poor.

The Bishop he preaches and prays,
And talks of a heavenly birth,
But somehow, for all that he says,
He grabs a good share of the earth.

Old England is eaten by knaves,
Yet her heart is all right at the core,
May she ne'er be the mother of slaves,
Nor a foreign foe land on her shore.

V.

Then little Mac would sing the lays,
Of Scotia's bonnie woods and braes,
Of hoary hills, of dashing streams,
Of lone rocks where the eagle screams ;
Of primrose banks and gowany glens,

Of broomy knowes and hawthorn dens,
Of burnsidcs where the linnet's lay,
Is heard the *lee lang* summer's day,
The scenes which many a simple song,
Still peoples with an airy throng ;
And still we hear them tell their tale,
In every strath and stream and vale,
In swells of love, in gusts of woe,
Which thrilled my heart so long ago,
And mournful groups around him hung,
Sadly sighing as he sung ;
And eyes grew dim, and hearts did swell,
While thus he sung his last farewell.

Farewell Caledonia,
My country farewell !
Adieu every scarred cliff,
And lone rocky fell,
Your dark peaks are fading
Away from my view,
And I ne'er thought I loved you
So dearly till noo ;
For fortune does chase me
Across the wild main,
And the blue hills of Scotland
I'll ne'er see again.

Farewell lovely Leven,
Thou vale of my heart,
'Twas hard frae the hame o'
My childhood to part.
Our lowly thatched cottage,
Which stands by the mill,
The green where we gambolled,
The church on the hill ;
I loved you, sweet valley,
In sunshine and rain,
But oh I shall never
Behold you again.

How bright were my mornings,
My evenings how calm,
I rose wi' the laverock,
Lay down wi' the lamb ;
Was blithe as the lintie
That sings on the tree,
And licht as the goudspink
That lilt on the lee ;
But tears, sighs and sorrow
Are foolish and vain,
For the heart-light o' childhood
Returns not again.

O sad was the morning
When I cam awa',
And big were the tears frae
My e'en that did fa' ;
My mother was weepin',
My father was wae,
And farewell, my laddie,
Was a' they could say ;
While the tears o'er their haffets
Were fa'in like rain,
For they thocht that they never
Would see me again.

Awa' frae our cottage,
I tried then to steal,
But friens gathered round me
To bid me fareweel ;
E'en Towser cam forth wi'
A sorrowfu' whine,
And the auld women said
'Twas a sorrowfu' sign ;
It spak o' disaster,
O' sorrow and pain,
And the blue hills o' Scotland
I'd ne'er see again.

And then when I tarried,
And mournfully took,
Of all the loved scenes my
Last sorrowfu' look,
The hills gathered round me,
As if to embrace,
And the bonnie wee gowans
Looked up in my face ;
While the birds 'mang the branches,
In sorrowfu' strain,
Sang oh no, ye'll never
See Scotland again.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVAL.

I.

The weary world of waters past,
In Canada arrived at last,
Pioneers of civilization,
Founders of a mighty nation ;
Soon we entered in the woods,
On the trackless solitudes,
Where the spruce and cedar made
An interminable shade ;
And the pine and hemlock stood,
Monarchs of the solitude,
And we picked our way along,
Sometimes right and sometimes wrong ;
For a long and weary day,
Thus we journeyed on our way,
Picked a path through swale and swamp,
And at evening fixed our camp ;
Where a lovely little spring,

Murmured like a living thing,
And like charity I ween,
Tracking all its path with green ;
Underneath a birchen tree,
Down we sat right cheerfully ;
Then of boughs a fire we made ;
Gipsies in the greenwood shade,
Hunters in the forest free,
Never camped more cheerfully ;
And the woods with echoes rung,
While in concert thus we sung.

II.

O come to the greenwood shade,
Away from the city's din,
From the heartless strife of trade,
And the fumes of beer and gin ;
Where Commerce spreads her fleets,
Where bloated luxury lies,
And Want as she prowls the streets,
Looks on with her wolfish eyes.

From the city with its sin,
And its many coloured code,

Its palaces raised to gin,
And its temples reared to God ;
Its cellars dark and dank,
Where never a sunbeam falls,
Amid faces lean and lank,
As the hungry-looking walls.

Its festering pits of woe,
Its teeming earthly hells,
Whose surges ever flow,
In sound of the Sabbath bells ;
Oh ! God, I would rather be
An Indian in the wood,
And range through the forest free,
In search of my daily food.

O rather would I pursue,
The wolf and the grisly bear,
Than toil for the thankless few,
In those seething pits of care ;
Here winter's breath is rude,
And his fingers cold and wan,
But what is his wildest mood,
To the tyranny of man ?

To the trackless forest wild,
To the loneliest abode,
O! the heart is reconciled,
That has felt oppression's load;
The desert place is bright,
The wilderness is fair,
If Hope but shed her light,
If Freedom be but there.

III.

Singing thus we circled round,
All beyond was gloom profound,
And the flame upon us threw,
Something of a spectral hue;
'Twas a scene so wild and quaint,
Salvator would have loved to paint;
But ere long with sleep oppressed,
There we laid us down to rest;
With the cold earth for our bed,
And the green boughs overhead;
And again at break of day,
Started on our weary way;
Through morasses, over bogs,
Wading rivers, crossing logs,

Scrambling over fallen trees,
Wading pond holes to the knees ;
Sometimes wandering from the track ;
And to find it turning back ;
Scorning ills that would betide us,
Stout hearts and the sun to guide us.

IV.

Then there came a change of scene,
Groves of beech and maple green,
Streams that murmured through the glade,
Little flowers that loved the shade,
Lovely birds of gorgeous dye,
Flitted 'mong the branches high,
Coloured like the setting sun,
But were songless every one ;
No one like the linnet gray,
In our home so far away ;
No one singing like the thrush,
To his mate within the bush ;
No one like the gentle lark,
Singing between light and dark ;
Soaring from the dewy sod,
Like a herald up to God.

Some had lovely amber wings,
Round their necks were golden rings ;
Some were purple, others blue,
All were lovely, strange and new ;
But although surpassing fair,
Still the song was wanting there ;
Then we heard the rush of pigeons,
Flocking to those lonely regions ;
And anon when all was still,
Paused to hear the whip-poor-will ;
And we thought of the cuckoo,
But this stranger no one knew.

V.

Circling round a little lake,
Where the deer their thirst would slake,
Suddenly a lovely hind,
Started up and snuffed the wind ;
Instantly bold Bill from Kent,
Through its brain a bullet sent ;
The creature made a desperate leap,
With a cry so wild and deep,
Tried to make another bound,
Reeled and sank upon the ground ;

And the sound the rifle made,
Woke the herd within the shade,
We could plainly hear them rush,
Through the leaves and underbrush,
Fled afar the startled quail,
And partridge with her fan-like tail,
Whirring past with all her brood,
Sought a deeper solitude.

VI.

There the gentle thing lay dead,
With a deep gash in its head,
And its face and nostrils o'er,
Spattered with the reeking gore,
There she lay, the lovely hind,
She who could outstrip the wind,
She the beauty of the wood,
Slaughtered thus to be our food.

VII.

Then we journeyed on our way,
And with the declining day,
Hailed with joy the promised lot,
Sat down on this very spot ;

Saw Ontario wind her way,
Round yon still secluded bay ;
Then it was a lonely scene,
Where man's foot had never been.
Now it is a busy mart,
Filled with many a thing of art,
And I love to sit and trace,
Changes that have taken place ;
Not a landmark does remain,
Not a feature seems the same ;
My companions, where are they ?
One by one they dropped away,
And of all I'm left the last,
Thus to chronicle the past.

CHAPTER IV.

CUTTING THE FIRST TREE.

I.

Then to work we blithely went,
And we soon got up a tent,
On a point round which the lake,
Wound like an enormous snake,
As if it would bind it fast.
Then it stretched away at last,
Till in the horizon lost,
Swallowed in its cloud built coast.

II.

There our humble tent was spread,
With the green boughs overhead,
Such as wandering Arabs rear,
In their deserts lone and drear ;
'Twas a temporary thing,
Yet it made our hearts to sing,

And the wild duck floating by,
Paused, and with a startled cry,
Called her scattered brood to save,
Then she dived beneath the wave ;
And the crane that would alight,
Screamed at the unlooked for sight,
And like a bewildered thing,
Lakeward bent her heavy wing ;
And the stag that came to drink,
Downward to the water's brink,
Showed his branching head, and then
Bounded to the woods again.

III.

We were awkward at the axe,
And the trees were stubborn facts ;
I mind a sturdy elm well,
'Twas the first we tried to fell,
I could point you out I trow,
The very spot whereon it grew ;
At it we together went,
'Twas a kind of sacrament ;
Like to laying the foundation,
Of a city or a nation ;

But the sturdy giant stood,
Let us strike him as we would,
Not a limb nor branch did quiver,
There he stood as straight as ever.

IV.

While we laboured lazy Bill,
On a rotten log sat still,
There he sat and shook his head,
And in doleful accents said :
“ Oh this chopping’s horrid work,
Even for a barbarous Turk,
Many a doleful day of gloom,
I have groaned upon the loom,
Oh, that was a weary curse,
But this chopping’s worse and worse !
Sleep will heal the wretch’s woes,
Longest days draw to a close ;
Time and tide will hurry past,
Looked for long will come at last.
Whigs may wear a cheerful face,
Even when they’re out of place ;
Tories cease to rule the roast—
Britain learn to count the cost ;

Radicals may yet have power—
Britain perish in an hour ;
Yankees cease their boasting, too,
Who can tell what time may do ?
That would be a miracle,
Yet the thing is possible ;
There is even room to hope
For the Devil and the Pope—
Changes strange we all may see,
But we'll never fell that tree !”

V.

He had just repeated *never*,
When the limbs began to quiver,
And a rent which made us start
Seemed to split the giant's heart ;
And the branches, one and all,
Seemed preparing for the fall—
Swayed a moment to and fro,
As in doubt which way to go,
Then his head he gently bent,
All at once away he went—
Down he came as loud as thunder,
Crushing limbs and brushwood under.

VI.

And we gazed upon the sight
With the consciousness of might ;
And we cheered as when a foe
Or a tyrant is laid low.
Then the orator, elated,
On the stump got elevated,
And, without premeditation,
Thus began a long oration :—

VII.

“ Invaders of the ancient woods,
These dark primeval solitudes,
Where the prowling wolf and bear,
Time unknown have made their lair,
We are God-commissioned here,
That howling wilderness to clear,
Till with joy it overflows
Blooms and blossoms like the rose !

“ Trees, of which the poet sings,
May be very pretty things ;
And these green-arched solitudes
Where no traveller intrudes—

May be fine, I do not doubt,
Just to sit and sing about.
Sentiments for those at ease,
But, I fear, it fells no trees ;
Not the sentimental tear,
The strong arm is needed here—
Stout hearts and determined will
Don't give up like brother Bill ;
Not by wringing of the hands
We will win the fertile lands,
But by honest manly toil,
Lords we shall be of the soil.
He who would in aught be great,
He must toil and he must wait.
Favors drop not from the skies—
Perseverance gains the prize ;
Hear ye what the sages say—
'Rome was not built in a day.'
With these giants bending o'er us
We have work enough before us ;
Let us tramp on doubt and fear,
Work must be the watchword here.

"'Tis too soon to count the winning
Yet we've made a good beginning ;

And, you know, the half is done
When a job is well begun,
Success crowns the persevering,
By and bye we'll have a clearing.
There's one giant overcast,
Stubborn, but he fell at last ;
There he lies, like Cæsar slain,
And he'll never rise again.
Cæsar's mantle could not show
Half as many stabs I trow,
When stern Brutus o'er him stood
With the dagger dripping blood.
I'm no seer, yet I can see
From the felling of a tree,
Greater consequences rise
E'en than when a Cæsar dies !
He who'd be a patriot now,
Sweat, not blood, must bathe his brow ;
Like a patriotic band,
Let us all join heart and hand,
Joying in each others success,
Winking at each others weakness.
Let us use but common sense,
With industry and temperance,
And God's blessing can be got,

Even for the asking o't ;
And with these we'll hardly miss
Health and wealth and happiness."

VIII.

When the speech drew to a close,
Slowly doubting, John arose,
Gave a quiet cough, and then
Saying, " Listen, fellow men,
Pay attention and I will
Speak to you a parable :—

IX.

" In the days long, long ago,
Ere the world was filled with woe,
In a lone, retired place,
Lived a simple, honest race ;
They were ignorant of art,
Yet they had far more of heart
Than the people now a days,
With their dark and crooked ways ;
They gave power and place to no man,
And had every thing in common ;
No one said this is mine own—

Money was a thing unknown ;
No lawgiver and no pelf,
Each a law was to himself.
They had neither high nor low,
Rich nor poor ; they did not know
Such distinctions ere could be,
Such was their simplicity.
Yea, they were a happy band,
Cultivating their own land ;
Herds and flocks did fast increase,
And they ate their bread in peace.
Now my inference is plain,
What has been might be again.
Just compare their simple ways
With the doings in our days,
Every man is for himself,
Hunting after power and pelf ;
Not a moment can he rest—
Grasping like a thing possessed ;
Running, racing, here and there,
Up and down and everywhere,
Hunting for the root of evil,
Restless as the very devil—
He'll do aught to gain his end,
Kiss a foe or stab a friend ;

He'll be either rude or civil,
Play the saint, or play the Devil.
Neither scrupulous nor nice,
He follows skinflint's last advice ;
It is short, and soon repeated,
Simply "*cheat or ye'll be cheated ;*
A' moral creeds are strings o' bleathers,
The world's a goose, pluck ye her feathers ;
Nae matter how ye rax and draw,
If ye aye keep within the law ;
And ye may lie, and dodge and wheel,
A's fair as lang's ye dinna steal ;
And be ye either saint or sinner,
A's richt as lang as ye're the winner :
But get cash if ye can come at it,
By fair means, but be sure and get it."

" Now, my friends, 'tis clear as day,
If we choose the proper way :
Like the tree we've now laid low,
We might conquer vice and woe ;
I can see no reason why
We might not unite and try,
Like those simple men of old,
To redeem the world from gold ;

Each for all, and all for each,
Is the doctrine that I preach ;
Mind the fable of the wands,
'Tis a fact that always stands ;
Singly, we are poor and weak,
But united, who can break."

CHAPTER V.

THE LOG CABIN.

The little log cabin is far in the woods,
And the foot of the wayfarer seldom comes there ;
Around it are stretching the great solitudes,
Where the deer love to roam, and the wolf makes
his lair,
And the red man crawls on the surly bear,
And the dead tree falls with a heavy crash,
And the jagged hemlock and pine are there,
And the dismal swamp and the dreary ash,
And the eagle sits watching the moment to dash.

And the roving son of the wilderness,
While tracking the steps of the gentle deer,
The little log cabin will seldom miss,
For the ringing sound of the axe he'll hear,
And he comes to taste of its welcome cheer ;
And the children who once would gaze in affright,
When they see his shaggy wolf dog appear,

Will run out to meet him with wild delight,
And the heart of the savage is tamed at the sight.

The little log cabin is all alone,

Its windows are rude, and its walls are bare,
And the wind without has a weary moan ;

Yet peace like an angel is nestling there,
And Hope with her rapt uplifted air,

Beholds in the distance the eglantine,
And the corn with its silver tassel where

The hemlock is anchored beside the tall pine,
And the creeping weed hangs with its long fringing
vine.

And close by the cabin tho' hid in the wood,

Ontario lies like a mirror of blue,

Where the children hunt the wild duck's brood,

And scare the tall crane and the lonely mew ;

And the eldest has fashioned a light canoe,

And with noisome glee they paddle along,

Or dash for the cliff where the eagle flew,

Or sing in their gladness the fisherman's song,

Till they waken the echoes the greenwoods among.

I.

All was speed and bustle now,
Hurry sat on every brow,
Nought was heard upon the breeze,
But the sound of falling trees ;
— Rough logs over streams were laid,
Cabins built and pathways made ;
Little openings here and there,
Patches to the sun laid bare,
Growing larger every day ;
Merrily time sped away,
Troubles had we not a few,
For the work was strange and new ;
Mishaps neither few nor small,
Yet we bore above them all.

II.

Then a change came o'er the scene,
The forest doffed her garb of green,
For a tawny brown attire,
Streaked with grey, and gold and fire.
The wind moaned like a thing bereft,
And the little blue bird left ;
And the wild fowl of the lake,

Sought the shelter of the brake ;
The humming bird was seen no more,
And the pigeon southward bore.
And the robin and the jay,
With the flowers had passed away ;
Of a change all nature spoke,
And the heavens were swathed in smoke ;
The sun a hazy circle drew,
And his bloody eye looked through.
Thus the Indian summer ended,
And the sleety showers descended,
And the trees were stript at last,
And the snow fell thick and fast,
And the lake with sullen roar,
Dashed her foam upon the shore ;
And the wind in angry mood,
Swept the leafless solitude.

III.

Then the wolves their visits paid us,
Nightly came to serenade us ;
In the middle of the night,
I have started with affright,
For there were around my dwelling,

More than fifty demons yelling ;
I could plainly hear them tramp,
Round the border of the swamp ;
I have looked into the dark,
Tried to make old Towser bark :
He would only fawn and whine,
While the terror-stricken swine,
Ran around like things insane ;
And the sheep, in fear and pain,
Huddled all within a nook—
How they trembled and they shook ;
And the frightened cattle bore
Close and closer to the door ;
I could see the savage eyes,
Flashing there like fire-flies,—
Then I'd hear a long drawn howl,
Then a little snappish growl,
Then a silence deep as death,
Till the furies drew their breath,
Then above the voice of boreas,
Fifty demons joined the chorus ;
Thus they'd keep till dawn of day,
Then they'd scamper all away.

IV.

Tho' winter was long and dreary,
We were hopeful, we were cheery,
We had many merry meetings,
Social gatherings, kindly greetings ;
To the wall the log was laid,
And a roaring fire was made ;
Tho' the storm might rave without,
We were blithe with song about ;
Then the youths would tell their stories,
With the maidens' laugh for chorus :
Of the hunting of the 'coon,
All beneath the Autumn moon ;
Of the logging in the fall— .
Of oxen terrible to haul ;
Of the mighty chopping match,
Gained but by a single natch.
Thus the time would steal along,
With the tale and with the song
Little Mac would sit and sing ;
Till the very roof would ring.

V.

I ask not for fortune,
I ask not for wealth ;

But give me the cabin,
With freedom and health ;
With some one to love me—
Joy's roses to wreathe;
With no one above me,
And no one beneath.

Let tools be officious,
And flatter the great ;
Let knaves be ambitious
To rule in the State :
Give alms to the needy,
Give fame to the fool ;
Give gold to the greedy—
Let Bonaparte rule.

But give me the cabin,
Tho' far, far apart ;
I'll make it love's dwelling—
The home of the heart.
With some one to love me—
Joy's roses to wreathe ;
With no one above me,
And no one beneath.

VI.

- Then we'd cheer him loud and long,
For the jolly hunter's song ;
Who, while roving in the shade,
Woody and won the Indian Maid.

VII.

O come my love ! O come with me
To my sweet home afar ;
This arm will guard—no guide need we,
Save yonder evening star.
I am not of thy clime nor creed,
But be not thence afraid :
Love makes these accidents, indeed,
My pretty Indian Maid !

Thine eyebrow is the vault of night—
Thy cheek the dusk of dawn ;
And thy dark eye a world of light—
My pretty bounding fawn !
I'll deck thy hair with jewels rare—
Thy neck with rich brocade ;
And in my heart of hearts I'll wear
My pretty Indian Maid !

Then come, my love, O come with me,
And ere the braves awake,
Our bark will bound like arrow free
Across the mighty lake ;
Where faces pale will welcome thee,
Sweet flow'ret of the shade,
And of my bower thou'lt lady be—
My lovely Indian Maid !

VIII.

Then the elder ones would tell
Of the great things that befel ;
Of the feats unsaid—unsung—
In the days when they were young ;
Of the worth existing then—
Maidens fair and mighty men :
Or they'd sing the ballad rhymes—
Histories of other times ;
Of the manners past away,
Living in the minstrel's lay :
Gil Morice, the Earl's son ;
Chevy-Chase so dearly won.
It may be that I'm growing old,
Or that my heart is turning cold ;

Or that my ear is falsely strung,
Or wedded to my native tongue ;
Yet those strains so void of art,—
Those old gushings of the heart,
Heaving, swelling, like the sea,
With the soul of poetry ;
They must live within the breast,
'Till this weary heart's at rest ;
And our tears would fall like rain,
List'ning to old Aunty Jane,
While in mournful tones she'd sing
The ballad of the Gipsy King :—

VIII.

“ Lord Sempill's mounted on his steed,
And to the greenwood gane ;
The Gipsy steals to the wicket gate,
And whispers Lady Jane.
The lark is high in heaven above,
But his lay she does not hear,
For her heaving heart is racked with love,
With hope, with doubt, and fear.

“ “ Thy father's halls are fair and wide,
The Sempill woods are green ;

But love can smile, O sweeter far,
In a Gipsy tent, I ween ;
The crawflower hangs by Cartha's side,
The rose by Elderslie,
The primrose by the bank of Clyde,
The heather bell on Dee.

“ ‘ But I've built our bower beside the Gryffe,
Where hangs the hinny pear ;
For I've seen no spot in my roving life
To match the vale of Weir.'
The sweet flowers drink the crystal dew,
The bonnie wee birds sing,
But she hears them not, as off she flies,
Away with the Gipsy King !

“ But the false page hurries to my Lord,
And the tale to him doth bear ;
He swears an oath, as he dashes off,
And away to the vale of Weir.
The day fades o'er the Lomonds green,
But gloamin's hour is long ;
He lights him at the Gipsy's tent,
And mars the bridal song.

“ ‘You’ve stolen the pride of my house and heart,
With thy spells and magic ring ;
Thy head goes at my saddle bow,
Wert thou thrice a Gipsy King.’ ”
“ ‘I used no spell but the spell of love—
And love knows no degree ;
I ne’er turned back on a friend or foe,
But I will not fight with thee.’ ”

“The Gipsy reels on the bloody sod,
And the lady flies between ;
But the blow that reddens her raven locks
Was meant for the Gipsy King.
“ ‘Oh ! what have I done,’ Lord Sempill cries,
And his sword away doth fling ;
“Arise, my daughter, oh ! arise,
And wed with your Gipsy King.”

He lifts her gently in his arms,
And holds her drooping head ;
But the tears are vain, that fall like rain,
For the Lady Jane is dead.
They laid her where the alder waves,
With many a sigh and tear ;

And the gray cairn still points out her grave,
Adown the vale of Weir.

And the maid of the hamlet points the spot,
And loves the tale to tell ;
And the Place of Grief is the name it bears,
Adown the dreary dell.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INDIAN BATTLE.

I.

It happened (I forget the year)
Shortly after we came here ;
All upon a summer day,
I was busy with the hay.
While I paused to wipe my face,
I could see with hurried pace,
Some one coming down the hill.
What ! can that be lazy Bill ?
Sure, there's something in the blast,
When poor Billy runs so fast !
Up he came, and down he sat,
Puff'd, and put aside his hat ;
Wiped the sweat from off his face,
"Oh ! my vitals, what a race :
Go, oh ! go, and get your gun—
Or we're murdered every one !

All the Mohawks are upon us—
May the Lord have mercy on us!
They are thick as pigeons, hush ;—
Hear them yelling in the bush !
Death in any shape is horrid,
But 'tis awful to be worried.
Oh ! to think that I came here
To be roasted like a deer ;
Little did I think, oh dee !
That would be the end of me.
Had I but a gun and sword,
I would dash among the horde ;
On the cannibals I'd set—
I'd do something desperate !”

II.

Home we went, where all were arming,
And the thing looked quite alarming.
Children, with imploring looks,
Running into secret nooks ;
Women, seeking hiding-places,
With their terror-stricken faces ;
Men were running here and there,
Hunting weapons everywhere ;

Any thing which could be found—
Aught which would inflict a wound ;
For we all resolved we should
Sell our lives as dear's we could.

III.

There was fighting Bill, from Kent,
(Bill was in his element,)
Stalking, like a soldier born,
With his gun and powder horn ;
Then there was old soldier Hugh,
With his sword and musket too,
Like a general, there he stood,
In his old commanding mood ;
Soon we mustered fifty men,
But of muskets only ten,
Seven pitchforks and a dirk,
They would help to do the work.
Each man had an axe at least,
And a will to do his best.
Soldier Hugh assumed command,
And the line of battle planned,
Sent his scouts, that he might know,
The manœuvres of the foe.

Muskets to the front, said he,
Keep your ranks, and follow me.

IV.

Then with pulses beating high,
On we marched to do or die ;
When we reached yon little height,
Then we halted for the fight :
There we all in silence stood,
Looking down upon the wood,
Then there rose a fearful yell,
As of fiends let loose from hell,
Which was answered by another,
From a little brushwood cover ;
We could hear the arrows whirring,
And the very leaves seemed stirring.
“ Now, my lads, be firm and steady,
And at the command be ready,
Pikemen, you protect the rear,
Presently we'll have them here.”
Not a whisper, not a breath,
In a silence deep as death,
With grim faces, there we stood,
Looking down upon the wood ;

Minute after minute passed,
And suspense grew great at last ;
We would have given much to know
The motions of our hidden foe :
Then at last a scout came in,
Saying, with a laughing grin,
We might safely all disarm,
For 'twas all a false alarm.
'Twas two tribes in war array,
That had fought since break of day,
And their chiefs, to end the quarrel,
Were preparing for a duel ;
These were welcome news indeed ;
From the fear of danger freed,
Off we started with delight,
To behold the coming fight.

V.

In the bosom of the wood,
With his tribe, each chieftain stood,
An old windfall of level green,
Formed an open space between,
And the silence was unbroken,
Not a single word was spoken ;

Yet anxiety and hope,
In each bosom seemed to cope,
Hate, the horrid heritage
Handed down from age to age,
In their swarthy faces shone,
As the chiefs came slowy on

VI.

Eagle, tall and straight and daring,
Stept out with a lordly bearing,
Ease and grace were in his tread,
An eagle's feather on his head.
Agile as the stag was he,
Brave and beautiful to see,
Courage in his very walk.
In one hand a tomahawk,
And the other grasped a knife,
Thus he stalked on to the strife.

VII.

Hemlock seemed much less in height,
Broader and of greater weight,
Shoulders of herculean strength,
Arms of an enormous length,

Muscular and firmly set,
Strength and cunning in him met ;
On his head a raven's plume,
In his eye a savage gloom ;
Many a war path he had walked,
Many a foe had tomahawked ;
A model savage dark and dun,
A devil if there e'er was one ;
He approached with stealthy pace,
And the cunning of his race.

VIII.

Each stood still to eye his foe,
Ere he'd make the fatal throw ;
Hemlock seemed about to fling,
When Eagle gave a whoop and spring,
And seemed as if he taller grew ;
Both upon the instant threw,
Eagle wheeled, the weapon past,
Or that whoop had been his last ;
Hemlock sunk upon the plain,
But got on his feet again ;
I could see a stream of red,
From a deep gash on his head ;

There a moment he did stand,
Grasped the long knife in his hand,
Then he bounded on a pace,
Eagle met him in the race,
Closing with a fearful yell,
Grappled, they together fell,
— O'er each other there they rolled,
As if in a deadly hold,
And anon with seeming ease,
Hemlock rises to his knees,
Still his foe is in his grasp,
Locked within his deadly clasp ;
On his haunches like a bear,
Holds him for a moment there ;
In his eyes the blood is streaming,
I could see the long knife gleaming :
Ere the blow could fall amain,
He is rolling on the plain ;
Sudden as the panther fleet,
Eagle springs upon his feet,
Like the serpent in the brake ;
Or the deadly rattle-snake,
With a quick unerring dart,
Strikes his victim to the heart,
Leaps on him with deadly glare,

Twines his fingers in his hair,
And before his kindred's eyes,
There he scalps him ere he dies.

IX.

There the rival nations stood,
Umpires of the deadly feud ;
Silent yet with wild delight,
Watched the fortunes of the fight ;
But the Hurons one and all,
When they saw their chieftain fall,
Tho' they seemed a moment crushed,
Like a tempest down they rushed,
When Eagle with triumphant cry,
Waved their chieftain's scalp on high,
Then he bounded like a deer,
To the Mohawks hastening near.
Then the Hurons stood at bay,
Bore their slaughtered chief away,
Far unto the woods they bore,
And were seen and heard no more.

CHAPTER VII.

DONALD BAN.

I.

'Twas here upon this very spot,
Where weeds so wildly grow,
Old Donald's log built cabin stood,
Full thirty years ago ;
And he was tall and straight and fair,
The perfect type of man,
And Highland bards had sung of him,
As stalwart Donald Ban.*

He was a hunter in his youth.
Had travelled far and wide,
And knew each hill and vale and stream,
From John O' Groat's to Clyde ;

* *Anglice Fair.*

And well he loved to sit and tell,
As well I loved to hear,
Of feats of strength and daring, while
He tracked the fallow deer.

The spirit of the mighty hills,
Within his breast he bore,
And how he loved to sit and sing,
Their balladical lore ;
For he had treasured in his heart,
The legends and the lays,
The loves, the joys, the smiles and tears,
The voice of other days.

The fields where heroes fought and fell,
The graves wherein they sleep,
And many a mountain robbers' hold,
Where captives used to weep ;
The mossy cairns by strath and stream,
Renowned in Highland lay,
A strange old world of shade and seer,
Has with him passed away.

And he had gazed on nature's face,
Until his spirit caught

Some strange mysterious whispers from
The inner world of thought ;
He loved the things far deepest, which
He could not understand,
And had a strange wild worship of
The gloomy and the grand.

Each mountain had a heart and soul,
A language of its own,
A great old monarch seated there,
Upon his cloud-built throne,
The wailing of the winter winds,
The whispers of the glen,
Were living and immortal things,
Awatching mortal men ;

And how the old man grieved to think,
That he should hear no more,
The earthquake wrestling with the hills,
Nor Corybrechtain's roar.

II.

Ah, poor Donald, who can tell,
The heartbreak of thy last farewell,

When oppression's iron hand,
Drove thee from that mountain land,
Forced thee from the strath and fell,
From the hills you loved so well ;
When you took your last adieu,
Of Benlomond in the blue,
Looked upon Ben Nevis hoar,
Never to behold him more ;
When you saw the old roof-tree,
That so long had sheltered thee,
Thee and all thy stalwart race,
Set in flames before thy face ;
And the tall, the lofty pine,
Emblem of thy honoured line,
Felled without remorse or shame,
Felled to feed the wasting flame,
That consumed thine humble dwelling ;
Who can blame thy heart for swelling,
Who condemn the blows you gave,
To the tyrant and his slave ;
Who condemn the curse that sprung,
Ever ready from your tongue ;
Or the imprecations deep,
That from out thy heart would leap,
When you thought upon that day,

And the blue hills far away ;
Or the tears that would o'erflow,
When you told that tale of woe.

III.

—Often at the close of eve,
He would sit him down and grieve,
Then he'd take his pipes and play,
'Till his heart was far away ;
On the spirit of the strain,
Wafted to the hills again,
Or while tears his eyelids wet,
Sing this sweet song of regret.

IV.

“ Why left I my country, why did I forsake
The land of the hill for the land of the lake,
These plains are rich laden as summer's deep sigh,
But give me the bare cliffs that tower to the sky ;
Where the thunderer sits in the halls of the storm,
And the eagles are screaming on mighty Cairn-Gorm ;
Benledi ! Benlomond ! Benawe ! Benvenue !
Old monarchs, forever enthroned in the blue,

Ben Nevis! Benavin! the brotherhood hoar,
That shout through the midnight to mighty Ben More,
Though lovely's this land of the lake and the tree,
Yet the land of the scarred cliff and mountain for me,
Each cairn has its story, each river its sang,
And the burnies are wimplin' to music along,
But here nae auld ballad the young bosom thrills,
Nae sang has made sacred thae forests and rills,
And often I croon o'er some auld Scottish strain,
'Till I'm roving the hills of my country again;
And O may she ever be upright and brave,
And ne'er let her furrows be turned by a slave,
And ne'er may dishonour the blue bonnet stain,
Altho' I should ne'er wear the bonnet again."

V.

Hard was poor old Donald's fate,
In a strange land desolate;
Scarcely had he crossed the sea,
When his son, the last of three,
He the beautiful and brave,
Found an exile's nameless grave;
Then his wife, who was his pride,
Down at Point St. Charles died,

And he made for her a grave,
By the lone St. Lawrence wave ;
And at last when all were gone,
Heartless, homeless, wandered on ;
Still one comforter he found,
In poor Fleetfoot, his stag hound,
They had climbed the hills of heather,
They had chased the deer together,
And together they would mourn,
O'er days never to return.

VI.

After wandering far and near,
He built at last a cabin here,
'Twas at least a kind of home,
From it he would never roam ;
Hoped afflictions all would cease,
And he'd end his days in peace,
Ah ! poor Donald, 'twas God's will,
There was one affliction still,
That was wanting to fill up,
To the brim thy bitter cup ;
And it came in loss of sight,
Leaving thee in endless night,

Helpless on a foreign shore,
Ne'er to see "Lochaber more."

VII.

For a little while he pined,
But becoming more resigned,
Then he wandered far and wide,
With poor Fleetfoot for his guide ;
In the Highland garb arrayed,
On the Highland pipe he played ;
Ever at the welcome sound,
Youths and maidens gathered round ;
More than fifty I have seen,
Dancing barefoot on the green,
Tripping it so light and gay,
To the merry tunes he'd play ;
While he blew with might and main,
Looking almost young again,
Playing up the old strathspeys,
With the heart of early days,
O ! to see him who could know,
He had ever tasted woe.

VIII.

Thus for many years he went,
Round each backwood settlement,
But wherever he might roam,
This was still his house and home.

Always as the autumn ended,
Ere the sleety showers descended,
When the leaves were red and sere,
And the bitter days were near,
When the winds began to sigh,
And the birds away to fly,
And the frost came to the ground,
Donald's steps were homeward bound.
Long before he would appear,
The loud note of his pipe we'd hear,
At the glad, the welcome sound,
All the neighbours gathered round,
Many a young heart leaped for joy,
Many a happy little boy,
Bounded onward glad to meet,
Their old companion, faithful Fleet ;
Then would Donald sit and tell,
Of the strange things that befel,

At the places where he played,
Of the friends his music made,
Of the hearts touched by his strains,
Of his triumphs and his gains,
Always ending with this song,
In the woods remembered long.

IX.

O sad was the heart of the old Highland piper,
When forced from the hills of Lochaber away,
No never to look on the lofty Benlomond,
Nor wander again on the banks of the Tay.

But still as sleep comes to my lone weary pillow,
I hear Corybrechtan again in my dreams,
I see the blue peaks of the lone cliffs of Jura,
And wander again by her wild dashing streams.

What tho' I must roam in the land of the stranger,
My heart's 'mong the hills of Lochaber the while,
Tho' welcomed 'tis but in the tongue of the sassenach,
'Tis not the heart welcome they gie in Argyle.

They know not the heart of the old Highland piper,
And little they think that it bleeds to the core,

When weary with mirth and the dance they invite me,
To play them the wail of "Lochaber no more."

They ne'er saw the tempest in Glen Avin gather,
Nor heard the storm shrieking round Colansay's
shore,
Nor felt the cliffs quake 'neath the tramp of the
thunder,
Nor heard the hills join in the mighty uproar.

And still as day fades o'er the weary Atlantic,
To brighten the hills that looked lovely of yore,
I seek the lone lake beach and play till the waters
And pine forests ring with "Lochaber no more."

X.

Thus the years with Donald sped,
Till his health and strength were fled ;
Time had changed his flowing hair,
Furrowed deep his forehead fair ;
But tho' old, and blind, and maim,
Yet his heart was still the same ;
But 'twas plainer every day,
He was wearing fast away,—

All his wanderings and his woes,
Swiftly drawing to a close.
Well I mind of all that passed,
When I went to see him last,
On his bed I found him lying,
And the poor old man was dying,
With no one to soothe or guide him,
Not a living soul beside him ;
Only Fleetfoot—faithful hound !
Met me with a welcome bound,
Licked my hand, and led the way,
To where his dying master lay :
Placed his paws upon the bed,
With a loving kind of dread—
Looked with the reverence of his race,
In his dying master's face ;
Asked me with his anxious eye—
Will he live, or will he die ;
When he saw me shake my head,
Down he lay beside the bed,
And he whined so long and low,
That mine eyes did overflow.

“ Down, Fleet, down,” the old man said,
“ Let us walk with noiseless tread,

Yonder herd of fallow deer
Know not that the hunter's near."

But his brain was wandering fast
From the present to the past ;
Now he talked of other times,
Singing snatches of old rhymes ;
In a quick and hurried tone,
This disjointed talk went on.

" Hush ! the hills are calling on me,
Their great spirit is upon me ;
Listen ! that is old Ben More,
Hush ! that's Corybrechtan's roar ;
See ! a gleam of light is shed
Afar upon Bennevis head :
There ! 'tis on Benlomond now,
The glory's resting on his brow :
From his locks the gold is streaming,
And his purple mantle's gleaming,
The crimson and the amber rest
On the deep folds of his vest,
And still anon some isle of blue,
Is for a moment heaving through.

“The clouds are rolling fast away,
The dark is dappling into day,
Come my love we are weary,
Of these woods so lone and dreary,
We have tarried far too long,
From the land of love and song.
Ah! they told me thou wert dead,
By the lone St. Lawrence laid;
And our children, sons and daughters,
Gone like music on the waters;
Bring my staff, let us away,
To the land of mountains gray,
Never, never more to roam,
From our “native Highland home.”

XI.

He seemed as if about to rise,
When suddenly he closed his eyes,
And his spirit passed away
From its weary house of clay.

XII.

After all thy toil and cumber,
Sweetly, Donald, may'st thou slumber,

And thy little tragedy,
Will not wholly pass away ;
For there were, even in thee,
Gleams of a divinity.
Longings, aspirations high,
After things which cannot die.
O ! thy soul was like thy land,
Stern and gloomy, great and grand,
Yet each yawning gulf between,
Had its nooks of sweetest green :
Little flowers surpassing fair,
Flowers that bloom no other where
Little natives of the rock,
Smiling midst the thunder shock ;
Then the rainbow gleams of glory,
Hanging from the chasms hoary,
Dearer for each savage sound,
And the desolation round.

XII.

Much remains still to be told,
Of those men and times of old,
Of the changes in our days,
From their simple honest ways ;

Of the quacks on spoil intent,
That flocked to our settlement ;
Of the swarms of public robbers,
Speculators and land jobbers ;
Of the sorry set of teachers,
Of the bogus tribe of preachers,
Of the host of herb physicians,
And of cunning politicians.
But the sun has hid his face,
And the night draws on apace ;
Shadows gather in the west,
Beast and bird are gone to rest,
With to-morrow we'll not fail,
To resume our humble tale.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
SONGS, &c.



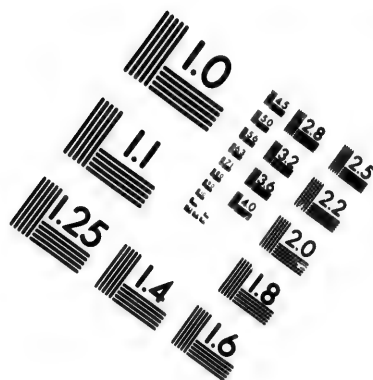
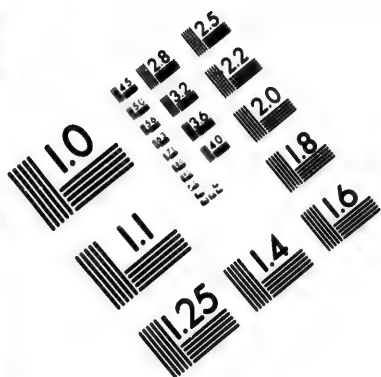
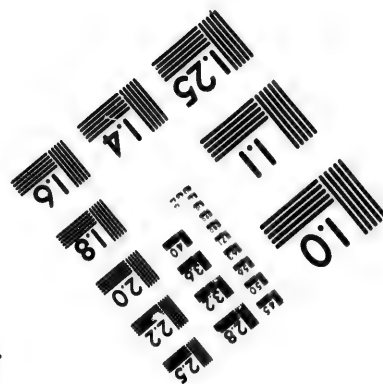
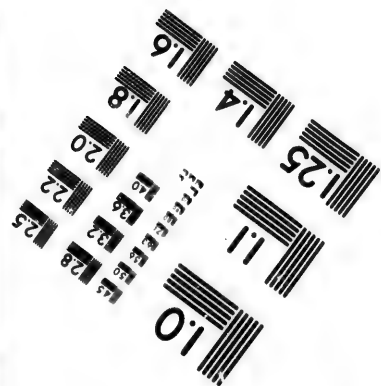
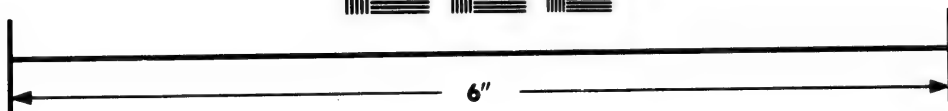
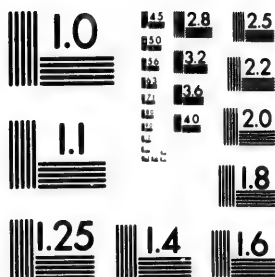


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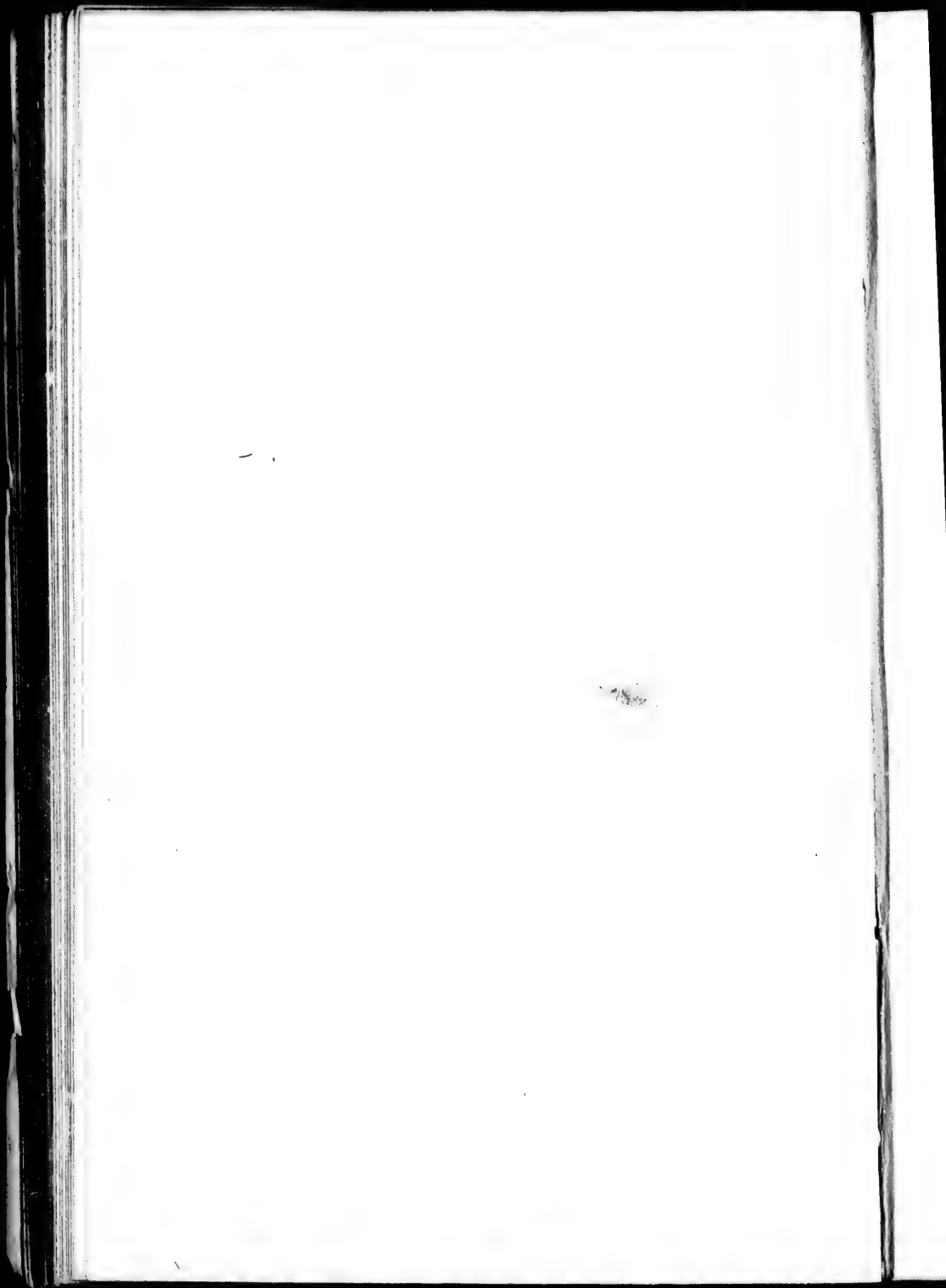


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GOD.

Hail thou great mysterious being,
Thou the unseen yet all-seeing,
 To thee we call.
How can a mortal sing thy praise,
Or speak of all thy wondrous ways,
 God over all.

God of the great old solemn woods,
God of the desert solitudes,
 And trackless sea.
God of the crowded city vast,
God of the present and the past,
 Can man know thee?

God of the blue vault overhead,
Of the green earth on which we tread,
 Of time and space.
God of the worlds which time conceals,
God of the worlds which death reveals,
 To all our race.

God of the glorious realms of thought,
From which some simple hearts have caught
A ray divine.
And the songs which rouse the nations,
And the terrible orations,
Lord God are thine.

And all the forms of beauty rare,
Which toiling genius moulds with care,
Yea the sublime,
The sculptured busts of joy and woe
By thee were fashioned long ago,
In that far clime.

Far above earth, and space and time,
Thou dwellest in thy heights sublime.
Beneath thy feet
The rolling worlds, the heavens are spread,
Glory infinite round thee shed
Where angels meet.

From out thy wrath the earthquakes leap,
And shake the world's foundations deep,

Till nature groans.
In agony the mountains call,
And ocean bellows throughout all
Her frightened zones.

But where thy smile its glory sheds
The lilies lift their lovely heads,
And the primrose rare :
And the daisy deck'd with pearls,
Richer than the proudest Earls
On their mantles wear.

These thy preachers of the wild-wood,
Keep they not the heart of childhood,
Fresh within us still.
Spite of all our life's sad story,
There are gleams of Thee and glory,
In the daffodil.

And old nature's heart rejoices,
And the rivers lift their voices,
And the sounding sea.
And the mountains old and hoary,
With their diadems of glory,
Shout Lord to thee.

But tho' Thou art high and holy,
Thou dost love the poor and lowly,
 With a love divine.
Love infinite, love supernal,
Love undying, love eternal,
 Lord God are thine !

GARIBALDI!

O sons of Italy awake,
Your hearths and altars are at stake,—
Arise, arise, for Freedom's sake,
And strike with Garibaldi!

The liberator now appears,
Foretold by prophets, bards and seers,
The hero sprung from blood and tears,
All hail to Garibaldi!

Let serfs and cowards fear and quake,—
O Venice, Naples, Rome awake,
Like lava of your burning lake,
Rush on with Garibaldi!

Up and avenge your country's shame,
Like Ætna belching forth her flame,
Rush on in freedom's holy name,
And strike with Garibaldi!

'Tis freedom thunders in your ears,
The weary night of blood and tears,
The sorrows of a thousand years,
Cry on with Garibaldi!

The shades that hover round your fanes,
The blood of heroes in your veins,
Keep shouting, Rise and break your chains,
And on with Garibaldi!

And tongues in many a dungeon stone,
And prison walls are shouting on,
And sweep the madman from his throne,
Then on with Garibaldi!

The Roman Eagle is not dead,
Her mighty wings again are spread,
To swoop upon the tyrant's head,
And strike with Garibaldi!

The drum of Bomba's doom does beat,
The shadows of the murdered meet,
To drag him to the judgment seat,
Then on with Garibaldi!

The land wherein the laurel waves,
Was never meant to nourish slaves,
Then onward to your bloody graves,
Or live like Garibaldi !

What soul but scorns the crouching slave,—
O liberty is for the brave,
Your cry be, Freedom or the grave,
And on with Garibaldi !

AULD GRANNY BROUN.

Some say there's nae witches awa'
That its a' but an auld world dream,
Or that they've been frightened awa',
By science, by knowledge and steam;
Some say sic a thing canna be,
As selling anes sel to Mahoun,
But ye've only to listen to me,
And the story o' auld Granny Broun.

O she was a grusome auld dame,
And she houff'd by the Locher's loud fa',
Ye coudna just ca' it her hame,
For Granny was often awa';
She'd talk o' the planets, I vow!
And show you the way they swing roun';
There's few been as near them I trow,
As that auld wrinkled witch Granny Broun.

As sure's there was wreck in the Firth,
Auld Granny was aff frae her hame,

She was riding the clouds in her mirth,
Or lashing the sea into faem ;
Her howe voice the fishermen kent,
Wh' h the winds and the waves coudna droun ;
But they durstna gie ill wishes vent,
On the wicked auld witch Granny Broun.

And when in a seive she would float,
On the dark gurlly ocean her lane,
She was sure to coup some hapless boat,
And mak aff for the hills o' Spain ;
She was out a' that wild windy night,
When the bell in the steeple fell down,
For the session had wakened the spite—
And the dander o' auld Granny Broun.

And when she would take to the shape
O' a pyat and flee o'er the kirk—
The session was sure o' a scrape—
Some awfu' sculduddery work ;
And when there was death in the cup,
She would come like a dog and cour down,
In terror the kimmers looked up,
For they kent it was auld Granny Broun.

Her man gaed to skin and to bane,
Wi' her changing him into a mare,
For saddled wi' bridle and rein,
She rode him a' nicht through the air.
When auld Sturdy's mare took a fricht,
And ran till it ran itsel down,
Wha think ye was ridin't a' nicht,
But the Deevil and auld Granny Broun.

And to it auld Sturdy would stick,
That he saw the queer couple astride,
Noo grip to my tail quoth auld Nick,
And my certie but we'll hae a ride.
He followed through moor and through dale,
And chased them the Hie-Craig aroun,
But he only could see the mare's tail,
And the nicht-mutch o' auld Granny Broun.

And didna Kate Clurie ae nicht,
Catch her playing at cards wi' the Deil,
By the time Kate got ben to the licht,
He had changed himsel' into Will Steel.*
When the pedlar was found in the snaw,
Wi' an awfu' deep clour on his croun,

* A noted Warlock in the west of Scotland.

A hare was seen sneakin' awa,
Wi' the hirple o' auld Granny Broun.

And dinna the Sailor declare,
That she followed him every place,
In ocean, in earth and in air,
He kent ilka screw o' her face.
And O! at Vesuvius black,
Its wha does he see fleein' down,
Wi' guid Elder Bar on her back,
But the wicked auld witch Granny Broun.

Jean Ferly came on her ae day,
She was boiling heart's bluid in a pat,
Guid guide us was a' Jean could say,
When she changed hersel into her cat ;
For mysel I was sittin' ae nicht,
A list'ning the wind's eerie soun,
Ye may think that I got a gie fricht,
When I heard it cry auld Granny Broun.

But death got auld Granny at last,
She sleeps in the mools wi' her cat,
That the last o' her cantraps is cast,
I'm no just sae certain o' that.

Tho' some folk that fain would be wise,
Aboon a' that in history's laid down,
Will threep that its little save lies,
I've been telling 'bout auld Granny Broun.

BLIND JOHN, OR THE LIFE AND AGE OF
MAN.

The morn is fair, and old blind John
Has tottered to the door,
And seats him on the moss-grown stone,
Beneath the hawthorn hoar ;
He leans his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee,
For he is burdened with the weight
Of three score years and three.

But hill and dale are laughing with
The joyous voice of Spring,
The flowers are forth, and happy trains
Of birds upon the wing ;
Benlomond's doff'd his winter's cap,
And Cartha's vales are gay,
And gowans gather in the lap,
Of lovely laughing May.

The blackbird's singing on the bough,
The lark is in the blue,
And happy schoolboys mimicking
The voice of the cuckoo.
John leans and listens, for his heart
Has still some tone of yore,
And moralizes till his eyes,
With tears are running o'er.

"I once was joyous as yourselves,
It seems but yesterday,
Since I was in these very woods,
A happy boy at play,
Aye! laugh and shout ye merry elves,
Be happy while ye can,
Nor listen while blind John runs o'er,
The life and age of Man.

"In youth our hearts are lighted up,
With hope's delusive beam,
And earth is an enchanted place,
And life a joyous dream.
There's beauty underneath our feet,
There's music in the air,

There's glory in the heavens above,
And rapture everywhere.

"But Time steals on with noiseless tread,
And tho' the happy boy
May feel a change, 'tis still to him
A change from joy to joy ;
Then hopes of high achievements start,
Of great things to be done,
Of undiscovered treasures vast,
Of battles to be won.

"The heroes of the present time,
Are paltry, poor and small,
He will go forth, and he shall be
A hero worth them all ;
And then what dreams of happiness,
What visions rich and rare,
What gorgeous towers and palaces,
What castles in the air.

"Then love alights upon his heart,
With all its joys and pains,
His pulse beats madly, and the blood
Is leaping in his veins ;

He sees but those love beaming eyes,
And all beside is dim,
O she is fair and beautiful !
Worth all the world to him.

“ He drinks the strange mysterious draught,
The sweeter for its pain,
And reels delirious with a joy,
He'll never taste again ;
For time steals on, and oh how soon
His visions melt away,
And clouds are louring in the sky,
While yet 'tis noon of day.

“ And see he sadly sits at last,
With children on his knee,
And he would fain forget his cares,
Amid their mirth and glee ;
But he must up, for he's the staff
On which the helpless lean,
And he will make their lot in life,
More blest than his has been.

“ And there he sadly struggles on,
A heavy laden hack,
And oh, how often in the midst,
He’s tempted to look back ;
But time must not be wasted thus,
In unavailing tears,
Or want will catch him in the vale,
The gloomy vale of years.

“ Now see him bending on his staff,
His locks are thin and gray,
And life that was so bright before,
Is all a winter’s day ;
And this new generation’s ways,
He cannot understand,
So changed is all,—he feels himself
A stranger in the land.

“ And o’er the happy days of youth,
He will, he must repine,
For oh, the world is nothing now,
To what it was lang syne ;
And memory’s lamp is waning fast,
With faint and fitful gleam,

The living and the dead are mixed,
Like phantoms in a dream.

“ But childhood’s streams are laughing yet,
Its fields are fresh and fair,
And now, a little boy again,
The old man wanders there ;
Then feeble as a little child,
Upon its mother’s breast,
Resignedly he leans his head,
And sinks into his rest.”

THE GREAT OLD SEA.

All hail again Atlantic Sea,
I've sought thy sounding shore,
To look upon thy face again,
And hear thy wild uproar ;
An awful world of wonder thou
Hast ever been to me,
With thy secret caves beneath the waves,
Great, old sea.

Thou'rt still the same mysterious deep,
Thou wert in days of yore,
When first a wondering little boy,
I listened to thy roar ;
O how my bosom did expand,
When first I gazed on thee,
With all thy sweep, as wild as deep,
Great, great sea.

The iron rocks are rent by time,
The mountains wear away,
The cliffs grow hoary with the years,
The hills are old and gray,
And generations pass away,
Like foam bells upon thee,
And when I'm gone thou'lt murmur on,
Great, old sea.

I love thee when the winds are laid,
And thou art all at rest,
I love thee when they revel wild
Upon thy troubled breast,
But O what can I ever know,
What can I sing of thee,
Thou myst'ry, thou infinity,
Great great sea.

I WINNA GAE HAME.

I winna gae back to my youthfu' haunts,
For they are nae langer fair,
The spoiler has been in the glades so green,
And there's sad sad changes there ;
The plou' has been to the very brink,
O' the lovely Locher fa',
And beauty has fled wi' the auld yew trees,
And the bonnie wee birds awa.

Young Spring aye cam the earliest there,
Alang wi' her dear cuckoo,
And the weary Autumn lingered lang
Wi' her lonely cushy-doo ;
And peace aye nestled in ilka nook,
O' the bonnie gowany glen,
For it's always Sabbath among the flours,
Awa' frae the haunts o' men.

How aft hae I paused in thae green retreats,
O' the hare and the foggy-bee,
While the lintie lilted to his love—
As blithe as a bird could be ;
And the yorlin sang on the whinny knowe,
In the cheery morn o' spring,
And the laverock drapt frae the cloud at e'en,
To fauld up her weary wing.

And the mavis sang in the thorny brake,
And the blackbird on the tree,
And the lintwhite lilted to his love,
Far down in the gowany lee ;
And the moss, and the cress, and the crawflour crept
Sae close to the crystal spring,
And the water cam wi' a laughin' loup,
And awa' like a living thing.

And it sang its way through the green retreats,
In a voice so sweet and clear,
That the rowan listened on the rock,
And the hazel leaned to hear ;
And the water lilies raised their heads,
And the bells in clusters blue,

And the primrose came wi' its modest face,
A' wat wi' the balmy dew.

And the hoary hawthorn hung its head—
As lapt in a blissfu' dream,
While the honeysuckle strained to catch
The murmurs o' that stream;
And the buttercup and the cowslip pale,
To the green green margin drew,
And the gowan cam and brought wi' her
The bonnie wee violet blue.

And the red red rose and the eglantine,
And the stately foxglove came,
And mony an' mony a sweet wee flower,
That has died without a name;
While the burnie brattled down the brae,
In her ain blithe merry din,
And lept the rocks in a cloud o' spray,
And roared in the boiling lin.

And churned hersel into silver white,
Into bubbles green and gay,

And rumbled round in her wild delight,
'Neath the rainbow's lovely ray ;
And swirled, and sank, and rose to the brim.
Like the snawdrift on the lee,
And then in bells o' the rainbow's rim,
She sang awa' to the sea.

But the trees are felled and the birds are gane,
And the banks are lone and bare,
And wearily now she drags her lane
Wi' the heavy sough o' care ;
And fond lovers there shall meet nae mair,
In the lang lang simmer's e'en,
To pledge their vows 'neath the spreading boughs,
Of the birk and the beech sae green.

In a' my wanderings far or near,
Through thir woods sae wild and lane,
There was still ae spot to memory dear,
That I hoped to see again ;
But I'll no gae back, I'll no gae back,
For my heart is sick and sair,
And I coudna' bide to see the wreck
O' a place sae sweet and fair.

But why should I mourn o'er the haunts o' youth,
 Why sigh over beauty gane,
For it's come to this, oh a waefu' truth,
 Man lives but by bread alane ;
And all must bow to the works of art,
 To the sound of wheels and steam,
And the poet tear from his bleeding heart,
 His dear, his delightful dream.

MYSTERY.

Mystery! mystery!
All is a mystery,
Mountain and valley, and woodland and stream,
Man's troubled history,
Man's mortal destiny,
Are but a part of the soul's troubled dream.

Mystery! mystery!
All is a mystery,
Heart throbs of anguish and joy's gentle dew,
Fall from a fountain,
Beyond the great mountain,
Whose summits forever are lost in the blue.

Mystery! Mystery!
All is a mystery,
The sigh of the night winds, the song of the waves;
The visions that borrow
Their brightness from sorrow,
The tales which flowers tell us, the voices of graves.

Mystery! Mystery!
All is a mystery,
Fain would we drink of the immortal dew;
We are all weary,
The night's long and dreary,
Without hope of morning, O what would we do.

THE SEER.

The temple was a ruined heap,
 With moss and weeds o'ergrown,
And there the old Seer stood entranced,
 Beside the altar stone ;
Time's broken hour-glass at his feet,
 In mouldering fragments lay ;
And tombstones, whose old epitaphs
 Were eaten all away.
He pointed ever and anon,
 His eye fixed upon air,
While thus he talked to shadowy forms,
 Which seemed to hover there.

“ On, on, to the regions lone,
 The generations go,
They march along to the mingled song
 Of hope, of joy, and woe.
On, on, to the regions lone,
 For there's no tarrying here,

And the hoary past is joined at last,
By all it held so dear.

“There, there, on the edge of air,
How fleetly, they do pass,
I see them all, both great and small,
Like pictures in a glass.
Long, long, is the motley throng,
Of every creed and clime,
With the hopes and fears, the smiles and tears,
Of the young and the olden time.

“Round, round, on their earthly mound,
The laden ages reel,
No creak, no sound, to the ceaseless round,
Of Time’s eternal wheel.

“There, there, with their long gray hair,
Are the patriarchs of our race,
A glory’s shed on each hoary head,
As they pass with solemn pace ;
Earth, earth, there were men of worth,
When they were in their prime,
There was less of art, and more of heart,
In that happy golden time.

“There, there, are the ladies fair,
Who danced in the lordly hall,
And the minstrels gray, whose simple lay,
Was a joy to one and all ;
Fleet, fleet, were your fairy feet,
And ye knew the joy of tears,
While the minstrels wove the tale of love,
With its hopes, its doubts and fears.

“There, there, still fresh and fair,
I see them march along,
The bowmen good, in the gay green wood,
And I hear their jocund song ;
See, see, how the green oak tree,
With shouts they circle in,
And the stakes are set, and the champions met,
And the merry games begin.

“Round, round, on their earthly mound,
The laden ages reel,
No creak, no sound to the ceaseless round,
Of Time’s eternal wheel.

“Hold ! hold ! ye were barons bold,
I know by the garb ye wear,

The lofty head and the stately tread,
And the trusty blades ye bear ;
Where, where, are your mansions rare,
And the lordly halls ye built ;
Gone, gone, and how little's known
Of your glory or your guilt.

“ Away, away, as if to the fray,
Ah, there they madly rush,
And in their path of woe and wrath,
There's a dark deep purple blush ;
Here, here, like the Autumn sere,
The hoary Palmers come,
Their tales they tell, of what befell,
And the listening groups are dumb.

“ Round, round on their earthly mound,
The laden ages reel,
No creak, no sound, to the ceaseless round,
Of Time's eternal wheel.

“ Lo ! lo ! what a splendid woe,
Yon rearward host reveals,
It marches there with its golden care,
To the sound of steam and wheels ;

Speed, speed, oh guile and greed,
Are surely a monstrous birth,
Let wan despair, weave fabrics rare,
And Gold be the god of earth.

“ Oh, oh, what a sigh of woe,
Is from its bosom rolled,
What faces peer like winter drear,
'Mid the glitter and the gold ;
Still, still, amid all this ill,
There are souls with a touch sublime,
Who nobly strive to keep alive,
The hope of a happier time.

“ Round, round, on their earthly mound,
The laden ages reel,
No creak, no sound, to the ceaseless round,
Of Time's eternal wheel.

“ Hail ! hail ! to those shadows pale,
For they were the men of thought,
And the crags were steep and the mines were deep,
Where painfully they wrought ;
Speak, speak, why the secret keep,
This mystery I would know,

Say, what is breath and life and death,
And whither do we go ?

“Still, still, not a word ye will
Vouchsafe to my greedy ear,
The crags are steep and the mines are deep,
And I can only hear—
On, on, every age has gone,
With its burden on its back,
And spite our will with our good and ill,
We follow in the track.

“Round, round, on their earthly mound,
The laden ages reel,
No creak, no sound, to the ceaseless round,
Of Time’s eternal wheel.”

WE'RE A' JOHN TAMSON'S BAIRNS.

O come and listen to my sang,
Nae matter wha ye be,
For there's a human sympathy,
That sings to you and me ;
For as some kindly soul has said,
All underneath the starns,
Despite of country, clime and creed,
Are a' John Tamson's Bairns.

The higher that we climb the tree,
Mair sweert are we to fa',
And spite o' fortune's heights and houghs,
Death equal—equals a' ;
And a' the great and mighty anes,
Wha slumber 'neath the cairns,
They ne'er forgot tho e'er sae great,
We're a' John Tamson's Bairns.

There's heroes mang the high and low,
There's beauty in ilk place,

There's nae monopoly o' worth,
Amang the human race ;
And genius ne'er was o' a class,
But like the moon and starns,
She sheds her kindly smile alike,
On a' John Tamson's Bairns.

There's nae monopoly o' pride,
For a' wi' Adam fell,
I've seen a joskin sae transformed,
He scarcely kent himsel ;
The langer that the wise man lives,
The mair he sees and learns,
And aye the deeper care he takes,
Owre a' John Tamson's Bairns.

There's some distinction ne'er a doubt,
'Tween Jock and Master John,
And yet its mostly in the dress,
When every thing is known ;
Where'er ye meet him, rich or poor,
The man o' sense and harns,
By moral worth he measures a'
Puir auld John Tamson's Bairns.

There's neither country nor kin,
But has some weary flaw,
And he's the likest God aboon,
Wha loves them ane and a' ;
And after a' that's come and gane,
What human heart but yearns,
To meet at last in light and love,
Wi' a' John 'Tamson's Bairns.

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF * * * *

Stop traveller beside this grave,
 Which Spring has newly dress'd,
 A heart sincere is mouldering here,
 Tho' long with doubt oppress'd ;
 He slumbers on his mother's lap,
 Earth claims her kindred clay,
 From doubt's dead sea and darkness free,
 His spirit soars away.

He talked with seers and sages gray,
 And with the men of mark,
 And found them all, both great and small,
 But groping in the dark ;
 He went to nature, tried to pierce
 The mystery of her plan,
 The more he knew, the more he grew,
 A sad and solemn man.

The world was but a prison house,
 A strange a mystic hall,

Problems profound all hung around,
With writing on the wall ;
Through day and night most reverently,
He pondered on its lore,
The cloud of doubt compassed about,
Still thundered "Sleep no more."

Oh how he strove but to believe,
And all earth would have given,
To have the faith that smiles in death,
To have the hope of heaven ;
He asked and still the answer was,
"This ye can only know—
The realms are dumb from which you come,
As those to which you go."

This living world is all afloat,
Time bears it like a breath,
Our hearts she heaves like Autumn's leaves,
Upon the shores of death ;
Tho' much he thought and moralized,
Upon her mighty river,
He saw but wreck and waves that break,
For ever and for ever.

And mystery on mystery,
 Encompassed him around,
He never caught the light he sought,
 But darkness more profound ;
Go, traveller, nor deem his heart,
 Was hardened as the clod,
He sought the light, he sank in night,
 Then leave him to his God.

ELDER JOHN.

A rev'rent man was Elder John,
Tho' but of low degree,
A bonnet blue upon his head,
And garters at his knee,
His coat was o' the hodden gray,
Wi' wally flaps ahin,
His stockings o' the rig-an-fur,
And buckles on his shoon,
His plaid was o' the shepherd's gray,
Which hapt him snugly roun,
His waistcoat far below his waist,
Wi' pouches hangin' down.

They didna ken the man wha judged,
But by the dress he wore,
And yet for that auld world garb,
We loved him more and more ;
For tho' it was sae eldrish auld,
His heart was fresh and young,

And wisdom-laden were the words,
Which drappit frae his tongue,
And to the idols o' the age,
His knee he wadna bow,
For simple souled sincerity,
Was on his manly brow.

Tho' he was doure on points o' faith,
He cherished love and hope,
And if he bore a grudge ava,
That grudge was to the Pope ;
Despite the world and the flesh,
A Godly race he ran,
And yet he had his wee bit faults,
Like ony ither man,
And through the country far and near,
Nae ane was better known,
And lang he'll be remembered there,
As guid auld Elder John.

Though he was nae philosopher,
Tho' logic he had nane,
Yet kent he truth frae falsehood, by
A system o' his ain ;

For he had watched the ways o' men,
E'en from his early youth,
And thought the world might a' be richt,
Would men but speak the truth ;
For aye he said that a' the ills,
Society is dreeing,
Spring from our want o' faith in truth,
And frae our love o' leeing.

His heart was in ilka thing he did,
In every word he said,
That e'en Jock Jaup the wicked loon,
Poured blessings on his head ;
Yet when injustice roused his wrath,
O fearfu' twas to see,
The thundercloud upon his brow,
And lightning o' his e'e,
And when the rich would wrong the poor,
John always stept between,
And fought them wi' his rackle tongue,
And wi' his awfu' e'en.

And how the tall and stately knight,
Of lineage long and high,

Would feel he was no lordly soul,
If Elder John was by ;
And when he tampered with our rights,
O ! twas a sight to see,
How nervously the Knight did quake,
Beneath the elder's e'e ;
Tho' backit by the minister,
And mony a cringing laird,
John foucht them a' tho he was but
The lord o' a Kail-yaird.

For titled, tall impertinence,
Could never put him down,
And he was just the man to give,
Oppression frown for frown ;
The favours o' the rich and great,
He never strove to win,
And he would doff his bonnet blue,
But to the God aboon,
Yet honoured worth whenever found,
As few poor mortals can,
For, paying homage still he kept,
The dignity of man.

And yet his heart was formed for peace,
 Wi' mony a gushing spring
O' sweetest human sympathy,
 Where hope would sit and sing ;
And how he loved the bonnie birds,
 That warbled 'mong the bowers,
The harmless lammie on the lee,
 The children and the flowers ;
And often at the gloamin hour,
 When stars began to gleam,
Ye'd meet him by some ruined wa',
 Or some auld haunted stream.

But with his fathers long ago,
 He's laid him down to sleep,
Nor want, nor woe, nor wicked men,
 Shall mar his slumbers deep.
Farewell, brave John, thou wert the last
 Of an old pious race ;
And would that Scotland now-a-days,
 Had such to fill your place ;
And may thy grave be ever green,
 Thy memory ever dear,
And be thine honest epitaph—
 A hero slumbers here.

LOVELY ALICE.

Awake, lovely Alice,
The dawn's on the hill,
The voice of the mavis
Is heard by the rill ;
The blackbird is singing,
His song in the brake,
And the green woods are ringing,
Awake, love, awake !

The wild rose is blushing,
The pea is in bloom,
The zephyr is brushing
The lang yellow broom ;
But thy voice is sweeter
Than birds on the tree,
And joy is far deeper,
Sweet Alice with thee.

The voice of lone Locher,
Comes mellow and sweet,
More welcome to me were
The fa' o' thy feet ;
The hawthorn is hoary,
And rich with perfume,
But thou art the glory
Of nature in bloom.

Far deeper the joy, love,
Would nature impart,
Were I but the lord of
Thine innocent heart ;
And 'neath fortune's malice
I ne'er would repine,
Wert thou, lovely Alice,
O wert thou but mine.

JOHN TAMSON'S ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY
IN SCOTLAND.

Attend ye reverend gentlemen,
Of a' denominations,
For as ye are so guid yoursels,
At gien exhortations ;
Ye'll surely hear me for a wee,
While I ca' your attention,
To twa three things nane but a frien
Would ever think to mention.

I would be very loath indeed,
To vilify or wrong you,
For there are high heroic souls,
And christian men among you ;
I might speak pleasant words no doubt,
The knave is always civil,
But he's the man who speaks the truth,
And shames the very Devil.

I'll tell you without mincing much,
The things which have incensed me,
And ye wha' fin the bonnet fit,
Will first cry out against me ;
Now if the church we've loved so long,
Is falling into ruin,
Then let me whisper in your ear,
'Tis mostly your own doing.

Just let me tell ye as a frien,
Ye make an awfu' blunder,
Whene'er ye lend yoursels as tools,
To help the rich to plunder ;
Ye lose the love o' honest men,
And ope the mouths o' scorers,
And make your faithful brethren weep
Like Zion's waefu' mourners.

The Devil's taken now-a-days,
To selling and to buying,
And drives a thrifty thriving trade,
In little legal lying ;
He's pleading now in a' our courts,
He's in amang the jury,

And even 'neath the judge's wig,
He's no afraid to courie.

Lang, lang in councils o' the state,
He's dodged and he's dissembled,
And never absent night nor day,
Frae Parliament assembled ;
He's even in the pulpit too,
And turns the flattering sentence,
And hauds your tongues when ye should ca'
Fat sinners to repentance.

He makes you turn in twenty ways,
Yet aye stick to the strongest,
And mince the Bible to suit them .
Whase purses are the longest ;
To heap the thunders o' your wrath
Upon the poor transgressor,
But daurna for your souls attack,
His wicked proud oppressor.

Ye needna preach to weary toil,
About the christian graces,
As lang's ye wink at wickedness,
When seated in high places ;

Ye canna get us to believe,
That poverty's nae evil,
And so ye say it's sent by God,
To keep us frae the Devil.

There witty Will, he slyly asks,
And thinks it is a rare joke,
How God's afflictions always fall
Upon the heads o' puir folk ?
Will may be pious, tho' he'll no
Be plucked like ony pigeon,
He may abhor a cringing priest,
And yet hae some religion.

Of heathens and their horrid works,
Why gie us siclike doses,
And nae word o' the heathendom
Beneath your very noses ;
Why prose about the slaves abroad,
Bought, sold, and scourged to labour,
And ne'er a word o' sympathy,
About the slave—your neighbour.

'Bout evils that are far awa,
We canna bide your prattle,

Unless ye'll help our home-bred slaves,
To fight their weary battle ;
I wadna hae you fill your veins
Wi' the blood o' the Howards,
But that's nae reason why ye should
Be arrant, moral cowards.

Awake, if ye would longer be
The pilots that would steer us,
Attack the vices o' the age,
Be up, be moral heroes !
Tell Sutherland's high mighty Duke,
Tell Atholl without fearing,
The Devil keeps a black account,
Against them for their *clearing*.*

And dinna let Breadalbane slip,
Loch and his tribe beset them,

* The cruelties inflicted by the Duke of Sutherland, Atholl, and Breadalbane on their poor clansmen were so revolting, that the massacre of Glencoe appears merciful in comparison. For a full account of these barbarities, perpetrated under the eye of the British Government, in the 19th century, see *Gloomy Memories*, by Donald M'Leod; a book without literary pretension, but which reveals a tale of horror, at which Scotchmen may well blush.

We've nae use for a deil ava,
If that he disna get them ;
By fire and famine they have done
The work of extirpation, •
And hounded out a noble race,
The bulwark of the nation.

Sadly they left their mountains blue,
To go they knew not whither,
Or far amid Canadian wilds,
Sigh for their hills of heather ;
Tell county lairds ye'll tolerate
Their bothies black nae longer,
Try whether christianity
Or mammon is the stronger.

Explore the dreary vaults o' toil,
Where fashion never ventures,
The Saxon slaves in *sweating* caves,
Where daylight never enters ;
Tell tyrants ye are watching them,
Tho' ere so deaf they'll hear you,
And a' the lazy vampire crew,
Will baith respect and fear you.

And if ye canna humanize
The heartless purse-proud revers,
Ye'll cheer at least the drooping hearts
O' hungry, starving weavers ;
Wherever there is night and woe,
Bring tidings of the morrow,
O let the church be as of old,
" The sanctuary of sorrow."

Leave forms to flunkeys and to fools,
They never made a true man,
Preach christianity as 'tis—
A thing intensely human ;
Be as your lord and master was,
The shield of the forsaken,
And dying faith will spread her wings,
And into life awaken.

THE FLOWER OF THE SPEED.

Where Speed rolls her waters
 Away to the lake,
Through quiet green pastures
 And tangled wood brake,
There lives a fair maiden
 A monarch might own,
Yea, pledge for her favour
 His kingdom and throne.

No cold marble beauty,
 No angel is she,
But a sweet mortal maiden
 Who smiles upon me ;
A creature of feeling,
 Of hopes and of fears,
Of joys and of sorrows,
 Of smiles and of tears.

She's fair as the gowans
 On Scotia's green braes,

And dear as the memory
Of youth's happy days ;
Her ringlets are golden,
Her eyes are of blue,
And the heart in her bosom
Is tender and true.

That bosom's a fountain
Of thoughts pure and fair,
And the streams of affection
Are aye gushing there ;
And long by that fountain
May peace spread her wing,
And joy love to linger,
And hope love to sing.

And ne'er may she sigh
O'er affection's decay,
O'er loves and o'er friendships
All faded away ;
And faithful the lover
Who's favoured to lead,
To love's holy altar,
The Flower of the Speed.

THE GENTLEMAN.

It isna goud, it isna gear,
It isna walth o' lan,
It isna polish, art or lair,
That makes the gentleman.

Auld nature stamps him in her mint,
And trains him in her school,
And laughs at a' the counterfeits,
We make by square and rule.

Its no the outward sleek attire,
Nor jewels on the han,
But its the living heart within,
That makes the gentleman.

I've met him in a hame spun coat,
And shook his hardened haun,
I've met nim in a cozie bield,
The laird o' a' the lan.

I've met him in a silken robe,
Wi' titles to his name,
But high or low, or rich or poor,
I've found him aye the same.

The thinking head, the feeling heart,
To him are ever dear,
He honours them as loyally,
In peasant as in peer.

Nae sma suspicious thochts disturb,
His faith in human worth,
He still believes there's such a thing,
As friendship upon earth.

He calls things by their proper names,
With him a knave's a knave,
A prince may be a beggar born,
A lord may be a slave.

He never sanctions party work,
With either tongue or pen,
His creed is simply, "*Honour God,
And love your fellow men.*"

He never speaks but as he thinks,
Yet hates to find a flaw,
Ae face can always serve his turn,
Nae need has he for twa.

E'en for the very warst o' folk,
He has a heart to feel,
And finds some hidden virtue in
The biggest neer-do-weel.

Who still for poor humanity,
Does a' the good he can,
And does it through a brother's love
O ! that's the gentleman.

ON THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

Come sound a welcome to the Prince,
Let every head uncover,
In honour of Old England's hope,
And of his Sovereign Mother ;
A loyal band with heart and hand,
Come join each Whig and Tory,
And be the toast from coast to coast,
Her moral worth and glory.

O may our land of maple green,
The land of lake and river,
The brightest gem in Britain's crown,
Be British blue for ever ;
Long may our sons and sires rejoice,
Each heart leap at the story,
Of Britain's right of Britain's might,
Of Britain's power and glory.

Long may she rear the sturdy race,
Which laid her deep foundations,
The brain and bone that made her throne,
The bulwark of the nations ;
Long may she reign o'er art's domain,
Her flag in peace be furled,
And on her isle sit throned the while,
The glory of the world.

Long may she have a loyal race,
Of peasants in her valleys,
And be their humble hearths secure,
As is their monarch's palace ;
Success attend her sons of toil,
Her merchant prince's navies,
And still a long succeeding line,
Of Jennings, Watts, and Davys.

And in her Legislative halls,
When truth with falsehood tussels,
O may she never lack the breed,
Of Hampdens and of Russells ;
The homebred knaves in church or state,
May British pluck undo'em,

And smite him with the thunders of
A Chatham and a Brougham.

Long may she keep an iron duke,
To thrash unruly neighbours,
And keep her hearths and homes secure,
From cunning French invaders ;
But may she never seek the fight,
Nor shun it like the Quakers,
But when it comes have handy by,
Her Nelsons and her Napiers.

And when upon her distant plains,
Rebellion's wave is rolling,
She'll send a Highland hurricane,
With sturdy, staunch Sir Colin ;
But may she never strike the blow,
As long's she can avoid it,
But still be hers the powerful arm,
And thinking head to guide it.

May wisdom guide the Prince's heart,
And from all ill preserve it,

And we'll be true to him, if like
His mother he'll deserve it ;
Here's to the Queen with loyal mien,
Come join me every true man,
For on her height of power and might,
Her heart has all the woman.

OLD ELSPETH'S LAMENT.

A lone widow woman was Elspeth,
Her bairns to the graves were a' gane,
And there in her lonely bit cothouse,
The puir body leev'd a' her lane ;
But aye she was eident and thrifty,
Her cow a' her treasure and pride,
Nae friens, nae protectors had Elspeth,
No nocht in the world beside,
And muckle she thocht o' the creature,
Wha followed wherever she gaed,
A sensible cow was auld Crummie,
And kent every word that she said.

And memories were linked wi' the creature,
A fond mother canna forget,
For o' the sweet bairns o' her bosom,
It lang was the playmate and pet ;
But when the cauld winds o' the winter,
Had shook a' the leaves frae the tree

And hapless wee birdies were courin,
And snaw took us up to the knee,
Puir Crummie got fast in a snawdrift,
And perished ere neebours could save,
And thus Elspeth sighed and sorrowed,
While Crummie was laid in the grave.

“Alas! hae I lost my companion,
I hardly can think it is true,
I had but ae friend in the world,
And oh, I’ll be desolate noo,
Ye were left when the bairns o’ my bosom.
Were a’ ane by ane taen awa ;
I kent ye were left me in pity,
But noo I’ll hae nae ane ava ;
And tho’ ye were but a dumb creature,
Yet ye had mair thocht in your face,
And ye had mair sense and affection,
Than some wha belong to our race.

“And noo since ye’re gane, my poor Crummie,
Wha kens or cares ocht about me,
A puir silly, helpless auld woman,
Wha wishes how sune she may dee ;

O what is this wearisome world,
 When a' the beloved anes are gane,
 And why should a feckless auld woman,
 Be left broken-hearted her lane ;
 I'm like yon old tree in the hollow,
 Whase sprouts are a' withered awa,
 And naked it stands to the tempest,
 And lang ere the simmer maun fa'.

" I scarce kent that I was a widow,
 While ilk little bairn was my pride,
 But noo they're a' gane to their father,
 And a' sleepin' soun by his side ;
 And aft through the watches o' midnight,
 Ere sleep has crept owre mine e'e,
 He comes wi' his looks o' affection,
 And leads ilka bairn to my knee ;
 And O while I look in their faces,
 I ken that my sorrow is vain,
 And its but a wee while I maun tarry,
 Till we're a' reunited again.

" Then farewell my faithfu' auld Crummie,
 And oh it is part o' my pain,

To ken that we've parted forever,
And ne'er can meet ither again,
Was't only for me my puir Crummie,
Was sent as a comforter here ;
Micht there no be some green spot or ither,
Whaur she may again reappear.
- Ah no, the fond wish o' my bosom,
I ken is but foolish and vain,
For oh we hae parted forever,
And ne'er can meet ither again."

SONG.

*Written for the Scottish Gathering, in the Crystal Palace
grounds, Toronto, 14th September, 1859.*

My heart leaps up wi' joy to see
Sae mony Scotchmen here,
Sae I maun sing about the laun,
The laun we lo'e sae dear ;
We a' hae climbed her heathy hills,
And pu'd the gowden broom,
And wandered through her bonnie glens,
Wi' gowans a' in bloom.

But oh we ne'er again shall see
Her burnies wimplin by,
Nor hear the blackbird on the tree,
Nor laverock in the sky ;
But tho' we've left the hame o' youth,
And wandered far and wide,
In every lake and stream we hear
The murmurs of the Clyde.

Oh when I left the mountains a',
That was a waefu' scene,
I didna greet, but oh I drew
The bonnet owre my e'en ;
Benlomond seemed to hide his head,
Afar within the blue,
And Leven with her hundred isles,
Was murmuring adieu.

We love auld Scotia's hills and dells,
And yet fu' weel I ken,
We love them mair that they're the hames
O' simple honest men ;
Wi' hearts as true as them wha died,
Upon the bluidy sod,
Ere they would let their freedom go,
Or change their faith in God.

And should the sleeky Loon o' France,
His faith wi' Britain break,
We'll help to put the Lion's foot,
Ance mair upon his neck ;
A Highland host in Canada
Will don the kilt again,

And rush their native land to free,
Like thunder o'er the main.

And brither Scots owre a' the earth,
Will stretch a haun to save,
They're no the chieles wad sit and see
Their mother made a slave ;
The spirit of the covenant,
Wi' every Scot remains,
The blood o' Wallace and o' Bruce
Is leaping in our veins.

Then still the rightfu' cause maintain,
And O whate'er ye do,
Be faithfu' still to kirk and Queen,
And to yoursels be true ;
And still where honour points the way,
O never lag behin',
Tho' it should be for naething but
The credit o' your kin.

SIR COLIN ;

OR, THE HIGHLANDERS AT BALAKLAVA.

The Serfs of the Czar know not pity nor mercy,
And many a turban is rolled on the plain,
Like dust the poor sons of the prophet are trampled,
And Alla il Alla, they'll shout not again.

Sir Colin, Sir Colin ! why stand you thus idle,
Yon dark mounted masses shall trample thee o'er,
Sir Colin ! Sir Colin ! thy moments are numbered,
The hills of Glenorchy shall know thee no more.

Why wake not the pibroch thy fathers have sounded,
Which roused up the clansmen in battles of yore,
Till downward they swept like the tempests of Avin,
Or demons all dashing with dirk and claymore.

Thy band shall be hacked like the stripes of the tar-
tan,
M'Donald, M'Dermid, to glory adieu,

Gregalich, Gregalich, the shade of thy hero,
May blush for his sons by his own Avon Dhu.

Hush, hark! 'tis the pipes playing Hollen M'Garadh,
The spirit of Fingal at last has awoke,
But motionless all as the giant Craig Ailsa,
When foam-crested billows rush on to the shock.

The Muscovite horsemen roll nearer and nearer,
Now slacken a moment, now sweep to the shock,
One terrible flash, 'tis the lightning of Albin,
One peal and the tartans are hid in the smoke.

Now sons of the mountain the shades of your fathers,
Are looking down on you from yon cloud of blue,
Be your souls as firm as the rocks of Craigryston,
Your swoop like the eagle's of dark Benvenue.

It is not the deer ye have met on the heather,
That is not thine own Corybrechtain's loud roar,
Triumphant emerge from that dark cloud of thunder,
Or die and behold the red heather no more.

The cloud clears away, 'tis the horsemen are flying—
All scattered like chaff by the might of the Gael,
One long yell of triumph while bonnets are waving,
And Scotland forever, resounds through the dale.

JONNY KEEPS THE KEY O'T.

My heart is lock'd against the lads,
'Tis little they can see o't,
They needna try to press its springs,
For Jonny keeps the key o't.

Auld Aunty says I scorn them a',
And that I shoudna do it,
For lang ere I'm as auld as her,
That I may sairly rue it.

She says I'm but a pridefu' quean,
Or heart I've nane to gie o't,
But little, little does she ken
That Jonny keeps the key o't.

For scorn I'm surely no to blame,
There's nane o' them will dee o't,
For oh my heart is no mine ain,
For Jonny keeps the key o't.

MARY WHITE.

D' ye mind o' the lang simmer days, Mary White ?
When we gaed to the Alpatrick braes, Mary White ?

— When I pu'd the wild gowans,
And wi' a delight,
I hung them in strings roun'
Thy neck, Mary White ?

D' ye mind o' the sang ye wad raise, Mary White ?
The sang o' sweet Ballenden braes, Mary White ?

It coudna be love, but
A nameless delight,
Which thrilled through my bosom,
My dear Mary White !

O that was a sweet happy time, Mary White !
I've ne'er had sic moments since syne, Mary White !

When we look'd at ilk ither,
And laughed wi' delight ;
Yet hardly ken't what for,
My dear Mary White !

We were young, we were happy indeed, Mary White,
Noo care's strewn gray hairs on my head, Mary White.

My hopes hae a' withered

Wi' sorrowfu' blight ;

But still ye are green in

This heart, Mary White !

And oh ! do ye e'er think on me, Mary White ?

Oh ! then does the tear blin' your e'e, Mary White ?

Or hae ye lang wak'd frae

That spell o' delight,

And left me still dreaming,

My dear Mary White ?

'Tis often I think upon thee, Mary White ;

For still thou art dear unto me, Mary White ;

For a' that this heart has

E'er ken't o' delight,

Was nocht to the moments

Wi' thee, Mary White !

D' ye 'mang the living still bide, Mary White ?

Or hae ye cross'd owre the dark tide, Mary White ?

Oh! how this auld heart wad
Yet leap wi' delight,
Could I again see thee,
My dear Mary White!

WEE JEANIE'S LAMENT.

My mother sits and sighs,
 And my father hangs his head,
 And he canna speak for sighs,
 For our wee Johnny's dead.
 They wrapt him in a shroud,
 That was whiter than the snaw,
 And there cam a dolefu' crowd
 And they carried him awa !

And they laid him down to sleep
 Where the willow-tree does wave ;
 And I often gang and weep
 At our wee Johnny's grave.
 The licht o' joy is gane,
 And there's sorrow in its stead :
 Oh ! the world is fu' o' pain,
 For our wee Johnny's dead !

HEROES!

All hail to the chiefs of thought,
Who wield the mighty pen !
That light may at last be brought
To the darken'd souls of men.
To the gifted seers who preach—
To the humble bards who sing ;
To all the heads that teach
In truth's enchanted ring ;

To the soldiers of the right—
To the heroes of the true ;
Oh ! ours were a sorry plight,
Great conquerors, but for you !
O ye are the men of worth !
O ye are the men of might !
O ye are the kings of earth,
And your swords are love and right

'Tis not at the beat of drum,
Earth's great ones do appear ;

At the nation's call they come,
But not with the sword and spear.
Then hail to the brave who lead
In the humble paths of peace!
To the hearts that toil and bleed,
That wrong may the sooner cease!

Oh! what are the robes we wear,
Or the heights to which we climb!
'Tis only the hearts we bear
Can make our lives sublime.
'Tis only the good we do,
That lives throughout all time;
'Tis only the faithful few
Who reach the height sublime.

Then hail to the chiefs of thought,
Who wield the mighty pen!
That light may at last be brought
To the darken'd souls of men!
To the soldiers of the right—
To the heroes of the true;
Oh! ours were a sorry plight,
Great conquerors, but for you!

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

(Written for the Centenary.)

All hail! prince and peasant, the hour that gave birth
To the heart whose wild beatings resound through
the earth;

Whose sympathies nations nor creeds could not bind,
But gushed out in torrents of love to mankind.

Let the poor and the lowly look up and rejoice ;
The dumb and down-trodden find in thee a voice ;
The high and the lordly, in palace and hall,—
For thou wert the playmate and brother of all !

The old hoary mountain, the streamlet, and tree,
And all the dumb natures are kindred to thee ;
The wee courin' beastie, the poor ourie kine,
Are all fellow-mortals—all brothers of thine.

Earth's proudest shall perish and sink to the tomb,
But thy wee modest flower shall immortally bloom ;

And the poor courin' beastie, exposed to the blast,
Shall plead for the human while mercy will last.

Thou brother of sorrow, of doubts, and of fears—
Of mirth and of madness—of smiles and of tears ;
With large drops of pity, which fall without art—
And great gusts of laughter which ring through the
heart.

Still laden with rapture the moments do flee,
And still "Souter Johnny" is roaring with glee ;
And still on "Mare Maggie" bold Tam is astride—
He'll never dismount from that terrible ride !

And well may old Scotland be proud of thy name,
And long may she think of thy hovel with shame :
Earth welcomes her great ones with coldness and
scorn—

What stripes and afflictions her giants have borne !

Dead heroes, in marble, from memory fade,
But warm hearts will weep where thine ashes are laid ;
And earth's proudest priesthood like shadows flit by—
But thou'rt of the Priesthood that never can die !

TO THE MOON.

'Tis a lovely eve, and the Lady Moon
Is out in her lake of blue,
With its little isles of light and gloom,
Where the stars are wandering through.

And she sheds her smile like a veil of dreams,
Athwart the earth and sky ;
With its mazy deeps and its golden gleams,
And its streaks of nameless dye.

Away she sails 'mong the amber isles,
In her lovely lake of blue ;
And the glorious golden-tinted piles,
Are slowly heaving through.

And the foam-bells follow, pure and bright,
In her ethereal track,
As she sails away 'mong the hills of light,
While the stars are trembling back.

She follows on, by a glory led,
With a heavenly calm impressed ;
For she bears the souls of the happy dead,
To the Islands of the Blest.

WHAT POOR LITTLE FELLOWS ARE WE!

What poor little fellows are we !
Tho' we manage to make a great show :
Oh ! Death has a claim on us all,
And the king and the beggar must go.
How vain the distinctions we make !
Neither wisdom nor wealth can us save ;
And the prince and the peasant alike
Are journeying on to the grave !

Then why should we listen to aught
Which pride or which vanity saith ?
We're all on the current of time,
And bound for the narrows of death.
The shafts of misfortune and fate,
Know neither the high nor the low ;
We're brothers to sorrow alike—
And the king and the beggar must go.

LIFE'S ENIGMA.

An infinite dome,
O'er a world of wonder ;
An eye looking down
On the poor dreamer under.

An ocean of wrecks,
And beyond it our home ;
Each wave as it breaks
Leaves us whiter with foam.

A marriage to-day
And a funeral to-morrow ;
A short smile of joy
And a long sigh of sorrow.

A birth and a death,
With a flutter between ;
All fleeting as breath—
Tell me, what does it mean ?

WHERE'ER WE MAY WANDER.

Where'er we may wander,
What'er be our lot,
The heart's first affections,
Still cling to the spot,
Where first a fond mother,
With rapture has prest,
Or sung us to slumber,
In peace on her breast.

Where love first allured us,
And fondly we hung,
On the magical music,
Which fell from her tongue,
Tho' wise ones may tell us,
'Twas foolish and vain,
Yet when shall we drink of
Such glory again.

Where hope first beguiled us,
And spells o'er us cast,
And told us her visions,
Of beauty would last,
That earth was an Eden,
Untainted with guile,
And men were not destined
To sorrow and toil.

Where friendship first found us,
And gave us her hand,
And linked us for aye, to
That beautiful band.
Oh still shall this heart be,
And cold as the clay,
Ere one of their features,
Shall from it decay.

O fortune, thy favours
Are empty and vain,
Restore me the friends of
My boyhood again,
The hearts that are scattered,
Or cold in the tomb,

O give me again, in
Their beauty and bloom.

Tho' green are my laurels,
And fresh is my fame,
And sweet is the magic,
Which dwells in a name,
How gladly I'd give them,
To grasp but the hand,
Of her that's away to
The shadowy land.

Away with ambition,
It brought me but pain,
O give me the big heart
Of boyhood again ;
The faith and the friendship,
The rapture of yore,
O shall they revisit.
This bosom no more.

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE LILY FLOWER.

My love is like the lily flower,
 That blooms upon the lee,
 I wadna gie ae blink o' her,
 For a' the maids I see.

Her voice is like the bonnie bird's,
 That warble 'mang the bowers,
 Her breath is like the bawthorn when
 It's wat wi' morning showers.

And frae the gowans o' the glen,
 She's caught her modest grace,
 And a' the blushes o' the rose,
 Hae lept into her face.

She bears about I kenna hoo,
 The joy o' simmer days,
 The voice of streams and happy dreams,
 Amang the broomy braes.

And when the bonnie lassie smiles
Sae sweetly upon me,
Nae human tongue can ever tell,
The heaven that's in her e'e.

And a' the lee lang simmer day,
I'm in a dream divine,
And aye I wauken but to wish,
O were the lassie mine.

THE FIRST SORROW.

It is the merry month of June,
The flowers are fresh and fair,
The birds are warbling 'mong the boughs,
No sorrow any where.

The streams are singing as they leap,
So merrily along,
The trees are bending on the brink,
And list'ning to the song.

The apple orchard's all in bloom,
The bee is humming by,
There's gladness in the gay green earth,
And rapture in the sky.

The schoolboys in the leafy woods,
Are busy at their play,
And merrily they shout, for life
Is all a holiday.

But see a narrow grave is dug,
Beneath the apple tree,
And little Johnny's sitting there,
Dead Towser on his knee.

And tears are streaming from his eyes,
A sorry child I ween,
For with him Towser never more,
Shall gambol on the green.

And sadly he looks on its face,
For all their joy is o'er,
They'll hunt the squirrel in the woods,
And tree the coon no more.

He wonders how the birds can sing,
And he so full of care,
And how the children laugh and shout,
And Towser lying there.

And now he stands and talks to it,
And pats it on the neck,
And then he sits him down and cries,
As if his heart would break.

And now he tries to understand,
How life hangs on a breath,
And vainly strives to comprehend,
This awful thing called death.

And now he lays it gently,
Within the narrow
And covers it, and smooths
The turf upon its head.

And long he lingers by the grave,
Unwilling to depart,
For this is the first sorrow that,
Has settled on his heart.

But of the world he's living in,
'Tis little he does know,
And may he never, never taste,
A deeper draught of woe.



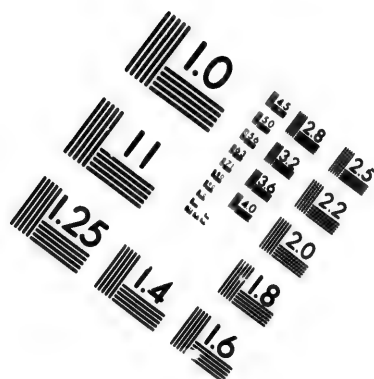
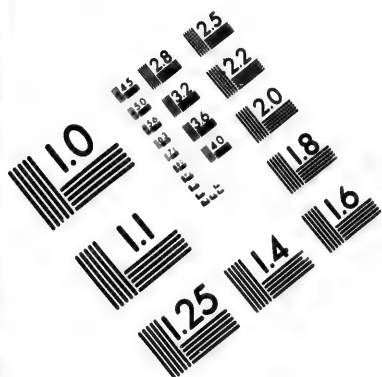
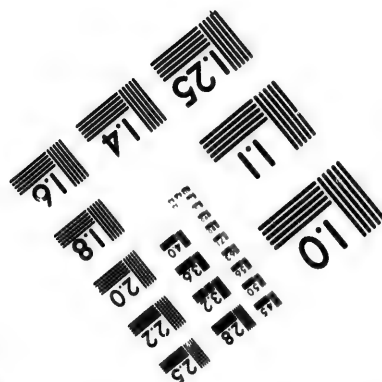
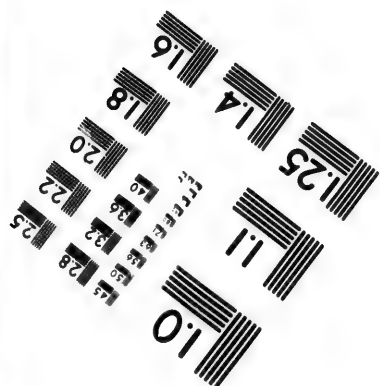
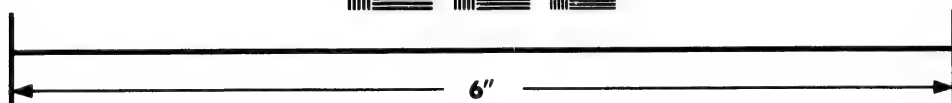
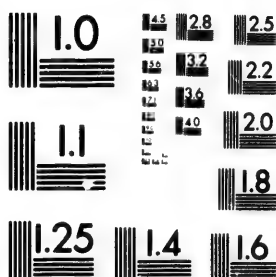


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AULD TOWSER.

Ye're turning auld Towser,
Your teeth's nearly gane ;
And ye hae a sair faught noo,
To hirple your lane.
Ah, times are sair alter'd
Wi' baith you and me,
And the days we hae seen,
We can never mair see.

I'm wearin' doun wi' you,
For Time, weel I ken,
Is no a bit partial
To dowgs or to men.
It canna be lang till
We baith get the ca',
And gane and forgotten
By ane and by a'.

But ye were aye faithfu',
Whatever befel ;
I whiles wish that I could
Say that o' mysel.
And after your battles,
Ye never kept spite—
Your bark it was always
Far waur than your bite.

And there was baith wisdom
And wit in your face ;
And thy stature proclaimed thee
The lord of thy race.
Baith big, black, and gaucy,
A great tousy tyke,
As e'er chased a beggar,
Or lap owre a dike.

Ye never took up wi'
The wild fechtin' dowgs,
Your friens were a' social,
Wi' lang hingin' lugs ;
And they would fraise wi' you,
And beek in the sun ;

Or start up a squirrel,
And chase it for fun.

Great was your contempt for
The wee barkin' dows,gs,
The things that hunt rattons,
Wi' noses like pugs ;
Whan they would rush out and
Bark up in your face,
Ye seemed to think shame they
Belanged to your race.

I whiles thocht ye had a
Bit spite at the pigs,—
What fun ye had chasing
Them down the lee rigs ?
Your bark was mair wicked—
It wasna the same
That ye gied to the . . . ars
Or ocht about hame.

You never were beat whaur
The fechtin' was fair,
But that time ye tackled
The big raucle bear :

Yon wrestling and huggin'
Was out o' your line,
But ye left him some tokens
I'm thinkin' he'd min'.

And ye were a mad and
An angry tyke,
That time ye attackit
The bees in their byke ;
They buzzed out upon you
Like deils frae the pit,
And ye raged like a creature
Deprived o' its wit.

And vainly ye barkit,
And vainly wad bite,
For still they stuck to you
Like venom and spite ;
And still they come bummin'
Like legions o' deils,
So like a wise dowg then
Ye took to your heels.

Ye paid for your knowledge,
As I've often done,
And then had the wisdom
Sic company to shun ;
But I was not always
Made wiser by pain,
For I've sinned and I've suffered
Again and again.

When folks cam for siller
And I'd nane to gie,
Ye kent them, auld Towser,
As weel just as me ;
Ye showed them your tusks, ye
Were ill, ill to please,
Oh, the limbs of the law are
Faur waur than the bees !

How you and wee Charlie
Would fondle and play,
And jink roun the haystack
The whale summer day ;
He laughin', you barkin',
At fun o' your ain,

Till I've wished that I were
A wee laddie again.

And when that he murmured,
And sickened and died,
No, naething could tempt you
To leave his bedside ;
Ye sat, sad and silent,
By nicht and by day,
And, oh ! how you moaned when
They bore him away.

Tho' some folks may ca' ye
A useless auld brute,
Yet, Towser, as lang's ye
Can hirple about,
I'll share my bite wi' ye
And then when ye dee
We'll bury you under
The auld apple tree.

And the bairns will greet for you,
When they see you laid

All silent in death, 'neath
Its bonnie green shade ;
And aft by the ingle,
They'll ca' you to min',
And dear thochts shall aye roun'
Your memory twine.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SMITH, TEACHER.

DEAR BILL,—

I know you love to scan
Man and his mystic nature,
And well I know thou'rt quick to see,
And far mair apt and gleg than me,
At keeking through the creature.

And yet I doubt that like mysel,
Ye've bought your knowledge dear,
And aft ye've asked wi' tearfu' e'en,
What a' this weary world can mean,
And why we've been sent here.

But O! how very short's the way,
That wisdom can us carry,
The wisest hae enough to do,
And whiles mair hampert to get through,
Than either Dick or Harry.

Well, man is really after a',
A strange mysterious fallow,
Just now he's soaring like a god—
Anon he's sprawling on the sod,
And in the mud he'll wallow.

Some paint him pure as charity,
And some as black's a crow,
But as for me, I think they're right,
Wha make him neither black nor white,
But just between the twa.

For O! the very warst o' fōlk,
Hae something that is good,
And when they gang a bit alee,
Let's mind that neither you nor me,
Are better than we should.

To point the faults o' others out,
Is labour worse than vain,
If we would make the world true,
The first thing that we ought to do,
Is to find out our ain.

'Tis but the good we do on earth,
That aye rewards the doing,
And oh! it matters not a whit,
Tho' we should ne'er get cash for it,
'Twill live when earth's a ruin.

I ken there's some philosophers,
Wha would try to confute us,
And tell us that when once we die,
When in the silent grave we lie,
There is nae mair about us.

That's comfort for you, is it not?
Ye weary sons of sorrow,
Upon this long and weary night,
Shall never, never dawn the light,
Of a diviner morrow.

Well if that we're but born to die,
And this poor life is all,
Then Willie—between you and me,
I really canna, canna see,
Why we were born at all.

Or why that nature gave to us,
Affections that we cherish,
And heads to think, and hearts to feel,
If death's on all a final seal,
And like the brutes we perish.

But Willie, lad, I doubt ye'll think,
I've taken to the preaching,
But here in this—our Canada,
That's a puir trade, and doesna pay,
And something waur than teaching.

So now I'll quit this long harangue,
In hopes that when we dee,
There is a place surpassing fair,
Where there is neither cauld nor care,
Reserved for you and me.

THE WORKMAN'S SONG.

Come all ye weary sons of toil,
And listen to my song,
We've eat oppression's bitter bread,
And eat it far too long.

O poverty's a dreadful thing,
Her bite is always keen,
Oppression's foot is always shod,
And greed is always mean.

The great, the greasy multitude,
Should neither think nor feel,
They've but to lick the hand that holds
Their noses to the wheel.

Toil may be cheered by sympathy,
And want with love be borne,
But oh ! it's terrible to bear
The tyrant's jest and scorn.

O they forget the blood of Knox,
Is running in our veins,
Or that we e'er have listened to
The peasant poet's strains.

O what a joy it is to me,
To hear the blessed strain,
Which whispers, I am still a man,
And was not made in vain.

The preachers whom we love the most,
They are the sons of song,
The bards, God bless them ! never were
Apologists of wrong.

And often when my heart is sad,
When all is dark and drear,
Their glorious melodies will fall,
In rapture on mine ear.

And o'er the dark and troubled sea,
A gleam of hope will dart,
And rising from the waves I hail,
Youth's green haunts of the heart.

I'm back amang the broomy braes,
Where byk't the foggy bee,
And where the hazel nuts did hang,
In clusters frae the tree.

How clear the stream gushed frae the rock !
How red the berries hung !
How happily from twig to twig,
The Watty-Wag-tail sprung !

How joyfully the lintie sang,
Upon the hazel tree !
And I as happy a' the day,
As ony bird could be.

O, ever blessed be the bards !
Who bring such visions hither ;
Without such blessed visitants,
My weary heart would wither.

THE OLD EMIGRANT'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

Near fifty years have fled awa',
And fleetly they did flee,
Since ye left hame and kindred a'
And cam awa wi' me.

O then ye were a strappin' quean,
The pride o' Locher glen,
And wha could match my bonnie Jean,
Nae staff ye needit then.

And proud was I my dawtie dear,
That day ye were my bride,
Nor hae I seen your marrow here,
Nor ony place beside.

Among the woods o' Canada,
We sought anither hame,
But here or there, or onywhere,
Your heart was aye the same.

And oft when battlin' wi' the heat,
Or weary winter's snaw,
And when I thocht I would be beat,
And rued I cam awa.

O ye were ne'er the ane to fret,
But kept my heart aboon,
Wi' smiles sweet as when first we met,
By Locher's roaring lin.

Your raven locks are changed to snaw,
The licht has left your e'e,
Your tottering step within the ha'
Brings waefu' thochts to me.

And changed am I, my dawtie dear,
And weerin' doun the brae,
And we maun soon be parted here,
That makes me dull and wae.

Yet we hae little cause to greet,
Our lives have not been vain,
If parting here is but to meet,
Where we'll be young again.

WE LIVE IN A RICKETY HOUSE.

We live in a rickety house,
In a dirty dismal street,
Where the naked hide from day,
And thieves and drunkards meet.

And pious folks with their tracts,
When our dens they enter in,
They point to our shirtless backs,
As the fruits of beer and gin.

And they quote us texts to prove,
That our hearts are hard as stone,
And they feed us with the fact,
That the fault is all our own.

It will be long ere the poor,
Will learn their grog to shun,
While it's raiment food and fire,
And religion all in one.

I wonder some pious folks,
Can look us straight in the face,
For our ignorance and crime,
Are the Church's shame and disgrace.

We live in a rickety house,
In a dirty dismal street,
Where the naked hide from day,
And thieves and drunkards meet.

YOUNG CANADA.

Ye hopeful youth of Canada,
Attend unto my ditty,
Ye'll find there's truth in't, tho' it may
Be neither wise nor witty,
But first let's throw the beaver up,
And talk as tall's the steeple,
That all the lower world may know,
We are a mighty people.

We claim the new inventions in
The art of public robbing,
And for an infant colony,
We beat the world at jobbing ;
We've quacks of every calibre,
From him who sells the gum drug,
To him who in the rostrum stands,
And preaches up his humbug.

A poor but honest limner I,
Your portraits let me show you,
Not pretty, yet so deeply marked,
That all the world may know you ;
I tender you some sage advice,
'Twill help to fix your status,
You ought to be encouraged lads,
So here you have it gratis.

And as ye're all born with the gift
Of scenting out corruption,
No doubt have I, but lads so 'cute,
Will better the instruction.
Your fathers are but silly fools,
Old relics of a past age,
No wonder they can't comprehend,
This go-ahead, this fast age.

The good old souls believe in God,
And in a church we joke at,
But our belief is in the bank,
And in the breeches pocket ;
Old superstition vainly tries,
To frighten and enslave us,

For our new Gospel plainly says
'Tis science that can save us.

There's Brunel, Hudson, Stephenson,
Their mighty works consider,
Why any of them's worth the whole
Apostles put together ;
Compare George Comb's philosophy
With that of ancient sages,
'Tis worth all that has floated down,
Upon the tide of ages.

The poets have reigned long enough,
'Tis time their reign was over,
For they must be the Kings henceforth,
Who keep the world in clover ;
What's all that Shakespeare ever wrote,
Compared but to a railway,
It's neither good to eat nor wear,
To walk nor yet to sail wi'.

And then the Wizard, Walter Scott,
With his old world stories,

They're only fit for sucklings,
Or old benighted tories ;
Religion's good enough, no doubt,
To keep the poor from stealing,
But it would never, never do,
To mind it in your dealing.

'Tis money rules the world now,
It's rank and education,
It's power and knowledge, sense and worth,
And pious reputation.
Get cash, and 'gainst all human ills,
You're armed and you're defended,
For in it even here on earth,
All heaven is comprehended.

And now my lads if ye would reach
The height of exaltation,
Take my advice, let work alone,
And stick to speculation ;
Work was not meant for gentlemen,
It's low and its degrading,
And so my lads live by your wits,
And learn the tricks of trading.

Learn all the loop-holes of the law,
And how to *wriggle* through them,
For many a knave might save his neck,
If he but only knew them ;
And you must master all the crooks,
Of little legal lying ;
And all the intricacies of
Hard swearing and denying.

Buy up town lots, start shaving shops,
And issue out your paper,
A bank's a bank, altho' it be
A bank of wind and vapor ;
The world is filled with pigeons, and
Your business is to pluck them,
And what were the goats sent for here,
But that the wise might suck them.

Now all the rowdies in the land,
Around you, you must gather,
By soft sawder and whiskey punch !
You are a City Father,
And having grown by villany,
To such exalted stature,

Set up your beaver, now you're fit
To be a Legislator.

And with the wind in all your sails,
Your star in the ascendant,
The next thing you must do, is cram
The *free and independent* ;
Play your election cards aright,
By bribery and lying,
And into Parliament you go,
With all your colors flying.

And now you take your rightful place,
Among the sons of Mammon,
The full grown representatives
Of humbug and of gammon ;
Your genius now can show itself,
You're in your proper station,
By plucking pigeons you have learned
The way to pluck the nation.

Get some fat office, for you know
Man cannot live by suction,

And then retire to your nest,
And fatten on corruption ;
Then you may sit and take your ease,
Nor be by care affected,
A good old gray-haired patriarch,
By all the world respected.

At last when in the grave you're laid,
The green turf growing o'er you,
Your epitaph will be a lie,
As big as e'er you swore to :
" A Legislator slumbers here,
Whose heart was all affection,
He served mankind, and died in hope,
Of a joyful resurrection."

EPITAPH.

Here Hugh has laid him down to sleep,
His sorrows all are o'er ;
And want, the Devil, and the dun,
Can trouble him no more.
Had earth remained a paradise,
Nane would enjoyed it better ;
But he was ne'er meant for a world,
Of creditor and debtor.

He had a wee faut o' his ain,
Or maybe he had twa ;
To rake them frae his ashes noo,
Would do nae good ava.
We own he wasna worldly wise,
" A bee was in his bonnet ; "
But yet he had a heart for a',
Wi' ne'er a flaw upon it.

So we'll not summon up his ghost,
His wee bit fauts to tell ;
Especially as nae ane kent
Them better than himsel.
To curb his human frailties, few
More manfully have striven ;
So with them we have nought to do,
For maybe they're forgiven.

How happy would the world have been,
Could he have made it so ;
There would have been no heavy hearts,
Nor any tears of woe ;
Want would have been a thing unknown,
The lads would a' had lasses ;
And mirth have played the fiddle, aye
Amang her social glasses.

He loved peace above everything,
And often bought it dear ;
And want had aye his helping hand,
And sorrow had his tear.
To wrang a body or a beast,
It wasna in his nature ;

And sair it gaed against the grain,
To hate a human creature.

Yet often when his wrath was roused,
By cruelty or pride,
The burning words that fell frae him,
Were very sair to bide ;
And how he lashed the tittlin' tribe,
Wha deal in spitefu' havers ;
And so they splattered owre his name,
Wi' wicked clishmaclavers.

Some say his love o' charity,
Had grown to a disease,
But that's a weakness now a days,
That ane owre seldom sees.
And weel I wat ! they needna fear,
A general infection ;
For in their cauld-rife hearts they bear
A certain sure protection.

He had his enemies,—a fact
They often made him feel ;

But then he coudna bear a grudge,
E'en to the very Deil.
Then let his frailties be forgot,
And sweetly may he slumber ;
And at the rising may he rank,
Amang the happy number.

WE LEAN ON ONE ANOTHER.

O come and listen while I sing
A song of human nature !
For high, or low, we're all akin,
To every human creature ;
We're all the children of the same—
The great—the “ mighty mother ; ”
And from the cradle to the grave,
We lean on one another.

It matters little what we wear,
How high, or low, our station ;
We're all alike—the slaves of sin,
And sons of tribulation.
No matter what may be the coat,
With which our breasts we cover ;
Our hearts within are of one stuff,
And linked to one another.

The earth beneath's our common home,
The heavens bending o'er us ;
And wheresoever we may turn,
Eternity's before us.
By pride, and envy, we have been
But strangers to each other ;
But nature meant that we should lean,
In love on one another.

With Adam, from the bowers of bliss,
We all alike were driven ;
And king, and cadger, at the last,
Must square accounts with heaven.
We're all in need of sympathy,
Tho' pride the fact would smother ;
And its as little's we can do—
To comfort one another.

A fool's a fool, the world o'er,
Whate'er may be his station ;
A snob's a snob, tho' he may hold
The sceptre of the nation.
And wisdom was ordained to rule,—
Tho' knaves aside may shove her ;—

That all the human race might live,
In love with one another.

A king may need our sympathy,
For all his great attendance ;
For among men there's no such thing
As perfect independence.
Tho' great is mighty England's heir,
Poor Paddy is his brother !
And from the cabin to the throne,
We lean on one another.

THE SUICIDE'S BURIAL.

By his own hand my brother died,
Oh ghastly was the wound ;
And the people said
He'd not be laid
In consecrated ground.

I loved him from my childhood up,
He was mine only brother ;
With flashing eye
I vow'd he'd lie
Beside our buried mother.

And at the deepest hour of night,
I wrapt him in a sheet ;
When all were gone,
Then all alone
I bore him through the street.

I never felt such silence, as
The silence of that street ;
And yet my fear
Wrought in my ear
The sound of coming feet.

The moon was struggling in the clouds,
And not a star look'd out ;
As all alone
I bore him on,
Methought I heard a shout.

I paused, and listened, as if I
Were rooted to the earth ;
And I could hear
The laugh and jeer
Of revellers in their mirth.

Oh ! how they laughed and rioted,
And shouted o'er their wine ;
No heart was sore,
For no one bore
A burden such as mine.

Oh ! how that laugh stuck in my heart,
Till from it leapt a sigh ;
Then all alone
I bore him on
To where the dead do lie.

I laid him on our mother's grave,
Beneath the lonely yew ;
Its branches spread
Above my head,
And the silent moon stared through.

Then hurriedly I scooped a grave ;
The last of all our kin,—
Unto my breast
I closely prest,
And gently laid him in.

And then I gazed upon his face,
Yet no tear could I shed ;
And then I took
A last long look
With a loving kind of dread.

Oh brother, who would once have thought,
That it would come to this ;
I could not speak,
But on his cheek
Imprinted one long kiss.

But suddenly my heart beat quick,
Methought I heard a tread ;
A startled whoop
And then the swoop
Of dark wings overhead.

And there upon a drooping bough,
Of that dark lonely tree,
Two burning eyes
Of monstrous size
Were looking upon me.

I stood as fascinated fast,
By their phosphoric light ;
How they did stare
And wildly glare
Like demons of the night.

I cannot tell how long I gazed,
All stupid with affright ;
At last they flew
From off the yew—
Oh 'twas a fearful night.

Then hurriedly I filled the grave,
My brain was burning wild ;
In torrents fast
Tears came at last,
And I wept like a child.

I laid the turf upon his head,
And when my work was done,
The old church clock,
With drowsy stroke,
Proclaimed the hour of one.

And still at midnight's deepest hour,
I startle with affright ;
For dreams, how true !
Come to renew
The horrors of that night.

THE YOUNG RAKE ;

OR, SKINFLINT'S LAST ADVICE.

A Tavern Scene.

Come fill your bumpers to the brim,
And listen to my story ;
For let the world sink or swim,
We'll carry on the glory.
Here's to old misers and their ploys,
And may they ne'er consider,
It's for sic rantin' roarin' boys,
They claut their gear thegither !

Weel lads I'm frae the Brig o' Dee,
My daddie was a miller ;
And dying, his advice to me,
Was—" Jock claut ye the siller !
For lad ye'll aye hae friens eneugh,
As lang as ye hae plenty ;
But oh ! ye'll hae a battle teugh,
If ance the purse grows empty.

" I'm leaving you, my weel-won gear,
At least the biggest share o't ;
And so my hopefu' Johnny dear,
Ye maun take muckle care o't ;
And ne'er let it diminish, Jock,
But aye keep adding to it ;
Keep an e'e to your ain meal-pock,
For that's the way to do it.

" Stick to my never-failing rule,
Ye've heard me aft repeat it ;
It's ane they dinna teach at school,
It's " cheat or ye'll be cheated ! "
Aye mind ye what the Bible says,
Mankind are a' deceivers ;
And crooked, crooked are the ways,
E'en o' the best believers.

" They're fules that fecht 'bout kirk or state,
A' parties ye maun flatter ;
Do ocht to bring a grist your gate,
Your kirk maun be the happier.
Frae politics nae good I got,
They made me sick and sorry ;

But gin that ye can sell your vote,
Be either Whig or Tory !

“ It matters little wha’s in power,
The puir man’s aye neglected ;
But if ye’ve siller, then be sure,
Ye’ll live and die respected ;
Wi’ it you may wear ony coat,
Then steadily pursue it ;
Ne’er caution, never lend a groat,
Or ye may live to rue it.

“ ’Tween love o’ drink, and love o’ gear,
I’ve had a desp’rate battle ;
My heart beat twa ways, Johnny dear,
Ilk time I wet my thrapple ;
It’s weel eneugh as lang’s that folk,
Will phrase and treat the miller ;
But when ye come to pay for’t, Jock,
It’s death upon the siller.

“ Avoid, avoid it, Johnny dear,
It’s waur than stupid nonsense ;

Oh ! what I've spent is lying here,
A wecht upon my conscience.
I never paid e'en for a jug,
O' puir weak whisky toddy ;
But something whispered in my lug—
Man ye're a silly body.

“The lasses, they will set their caps,
Nae doubt, to catch the miller ;
Avoid their tea and coukie traps,
They'll lay them for your siller.
And then their mothers lay sic schemes,
And work on simple natures ;
They'll turn e'en muckle men to weans,—
They're sly, they're double creatures.

“They're never but they're laying schemes,
To catch the thrifty fallows ;
But ye'll avoid the cunning dames,
As ye would do the gallows ;
They're far mair crafty than the men,
If e'er they catch you dreamin ;
They'll hae you buckled e'er ye ken,
Beware ! beware o' women !”

Wi' that the body sough'd awa,
And a' his troubles ended ;
And so his gear to me did fa',
And I've the heart to spend it.
So here's to misers and their ploys!
Somehow they ne'er consider ;
It's for sic rantin' roarin' boys,
They claut their gear tegither !

Then fill your glasses to the brim,
For now ye've heard my story ;
The Mill may either sink or swim,
We'll carry on the glory !

CHARLOCH BAN.*

To an old Highland tune.

The simmer birds are gane,
They're awa across the main,
Yet I rove the woods alane,
Charloch Ban, Charloch Ban.

You promised you'd be here,
When the Autumn leaf grew sere,
And ah noo its winter drear,
Charloch Ban, Charloch Ban.

O then ye were my pride,
By the green Glen-gary side,
When ye said I'd be your bride,
Charloch Ban, Charloch Ban.

Ye were a joy to see,
Wi' thy tartans waving free,

* Fair Charlie.

And the garters at thy knee,
Charloch Ban, Charloch Ban,

Joy hung o'er wood and lake,
And the blackbird in the brake,
Sung far sweeter for thy sake,
Charloch Ban, Charloch Ban.

Joy had a sweeter beam,
There was gladness in the stream,
O the world was a' a dream,
Charloch Ban, Charloch Ban.

Now winds are howling loud,
Through the weary winter's cloud,
And the world is a' a shroud,
Charloch Ban, Charloch Ban.

GENIUS.

Why Genius, are thy favorites all
The weary sons of woe ?
Why does the cup they have to drink,
With bitterness o'erflow ?
Some perish by the fire within,
Some by the poisoned cup,
Some toiling for a thankless world,
Till famine eats them up.

Tell me, great spirit, why the fools
And knaves are richly fed ?
And want, and woe, and misery,
Are for the star crowned head ?
E'en while I spake—a voice replied—
“ This wretched race is mine ;
Ah ! doubly wretched ! for they wear
The stamp of the divine.

“ For rags, and poverty, and pain,
And all unseemly things ;
Are but the tools, with which I make
My spiritual kings.
The tools are time's and pass away,
Upon her mighty river ;
But the heart throbs they wake, remain
To thrill the world for ever.

“ They are the literary saints,
The pioneers of mind ;
Whose toil enricheth not themselves,
But those they leave behind.
They are the heralds of the dawn,
They are the sacred band ;
And they must bear the scorn of those,
Who do not understand.

“ I cast them rudely on the world,
Amid its dross and scum ;
So that there may be less of such,
Through all the time to come.
And theirs the keenest sense of right,
The deepest taste of wrong ;

That they may make injustice feel,
Truth's terrible and strong.

"Of human weakness and its strength,
They are the called to speak ;
For by their weakness they are strong,
And by their strength they're weak.
They are the sum of all the world,
By them it feels and thinks ;
The eye by which it sees, the wing
On which it soars or sinks.

"The heaven of purity and peace,
The hell of sin and shame ;
Have wakened in their sleepless souls,
A never-dying flame—
That over every land and sea,
Shall shed its holy light ;
That there may be no living soul,
Left groping in the night.

"The banner of Humanity,
Into the breach they bear,
They are the high heroic hearts,
The souls that do and dare.

They rule the mighty waves of thought,
No potentate can stem ;
And kings and kingdoms are set up,
Or overthrown by them.

“ And thus their struggles for the right,
Their battles with the wrong ;
The heavings of their mighty hearts,
Leap into living song.
For rags, and poverty, and pain,
And all unseemly things,
Are but the tools with which I make
My spiritual kings.”

AMERICAN WAR ODE.

Up, up, sons of Freedom,
Arm, arm, for the fight!
Your country is calling,
Arise in your might;
Rebellion and Treason,
The bloody flag waves;
Then onward to freedom,
Or on to your graves!

The shades of your fathers,
Still hovering round,
The fields of their glory,
Start up at the sound.
The spirit of Washington
Stalks from the grave,
And calls on his children,
Their country to save.

From every true bosom,
There bursts the wild cry—
We'll strike for the Union,
We'll conquer or die !
And where is the coward,
Who trembles, or fears
These slave hunting pirates,
These old buccaneers ?

Her arm for the combat,
The gallant North bares ;
By the Great God of Battles,
She solemnly swears,
The foot of no Rebel
Shall soil the green sod;
Where Freedom, fair Freedom !
First fixed her abode.

Where backwoodsmen triumphed,
O'er tyrant and king ;
There still the long rifle,
For freedom can ring ;
The whip, and the shackle,
They shall not remain,

From the flag of our Union,
We'll wipe out the stain.

New York ! Pennsylvania !
The war trump do blow ;
New Jersey is rising,
To rush on the foe !
The hills of New Hampshire,
Have heard the war sound !
And the green peaks of Vermont,
The echoes rebound !

And old Massachusetts
Responds to the call ;
Connecticut ! Maine ! and
Rhode Island and all !
Beneath Freedom's banner,
Now waving on high,
They march like their fathers,
To conquer or die.

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